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SIR WALTER SCOTT.

WALTER SCOTT, the most celebrated storyteller of modern times, was born August 15, 1771, at Edinburgh, the capital of Scotland. When eighteen months old, he had a sickness which left him unable to use his right leg, and for a few years the chief care which his parents had for him, was directed toward preserving his health and restoring the withered limb. Accordingly, he spent his childhood, not in the city, but at his grandfather's farm, Sandy Knowe, not very far from the English boundary, and in the very heart of the country which he has made so famous by song and by story. He was a hearty, active child, and growing impatient of his forced quiet, he began to try the withered leg, to stand upon it, then to walk, and finally, to run; and so, although he was lame all his days, and carried a stout stick whenever he went out, yet he went where he wanted to; and just because there was a difficulty to overcome, he cared more, in his school days, to outstrip his fellows in agility, than to lead them in the class, where he had no such disadvantage to contend with.

His school days were passed, partly at Sandy Knowe, partly in Edinburgh; but his companions at first were chiefly older people on his grandfather's farm, and his lameness made him a favorite, and secured him little indulgences which, perhaps, he would have missed, if he had been entirely strong. The Scottish people love to tell stories, and down to the time of Walter's grandmother, the wild mountain country, with its ravines and passes, had been the scene of perpetual conflict between neighboring people; besides, in that

rocky, stormy country, men and women had grown sturdy and self-willed, hard to persuade, and ready to cling till death to what they believed right, or loved; and the tumultuous life of the country had made people who felt alike, to hold together, and to suffer for one another, if need be. So there was an endless store of adventure and romance, deeds of daring, and acts of generous love, which every hearty Scotsman, or Scotswoman, could draw from, for the amusement and instruction of children. One could not take his stand anywhere in field or on hill-top, without having his eye fall on some spot which had its story, told in the homely, picturesque dialect of the people; and every one told, and listened to the stories about men who had died years before, as if they themselves had been actors in the scenes.

It was in this country, and among these people, that Walter passed his childhood and boyhood, rambling everywhere, listening to every one, seeing every thing, and putting all away in his great roomy memory; no, not putting away, for what we merely put away in our memory, never stays there; it is what we bring out and use, that we really have: and Walter soon became the story-teller of the school; and lying on the grass, or walking with a comrade a-field, he would weave a web of romance, half remembered half made up at the moment, to which the lads listened with delight. It was just so with reading. He read here and there in all sorts of books; but he liked best books of chivalry, histories that told of battles, and ballads in which horses went rushing by, and the trumpet sounded for the onset.

As he grew older, he began to buy books with the little spending money which he had, and to gather, besides, curious relics from the places which he visited. In some ruined castle there had once been great banquets, and outside, gay tournaments. He knew by heart — for his love was in it — the names of the men who rode forth from the castle-yard when all those stones had been part of the strong towers; so he would carry away with him some block or carving, and it would be to him like the miniature of a friend; when he looked at it, he could rebuild in imagination the old castle, and repeople it with its gay pageant. His own ancestors would be found there, for he seized eagerly upon every scrap of Scottish history in which a Scott had figured.

Thus the country all about became to him a living book. He read the beauty and the wildness of the landscape, and he read, too, the stories

were of inestimable value to him. They made it possible for him to accomplish a vast deal of work; and better than that, they gave him power to keep his strong imagination under control, so that he could use it, and not be run away with by it.

When twenty-six years old, he married, and lived in a simple fashion, for he had not much money, but in the constant enjoyment of the society of people like himself, young, hearty, witty, and thinking more of the inexhaustible pleasures of the mind and heart, than of those sensational pleasures which are worn out almost before they can be gone through with. He began to turn his thoughts to collecting some of the old ballads that he had so often heard, but rarely had seen in print. From this he turned to imitating the ballads, and telling in verse some of the numberless stories with which his mind was full. He obtained two salaried offices, which enabled him to live as he could not by his profession, for which he had no strong liking, and now his taste for literature became more fixed; it was evident to himself, before it was to his friends, that writing books was to be the work of his life. But now this was made clear to the satisfaction of all, by the publication of his first long poetical work, — "*The Lay of the Last Minstrel*." In this he reproduced the stirring scenes which had passed away from men's immediate knowledge, but which in his mind were real, living pictures; he set them before others in so lively a fashion, that every one was enchanted. It had not seemed possible that right about them, and so few generations back, such fine things had happened; and now here they were told in rhyme, which went off in the ear like the canter of a pony. The poem was a success, the greatest success which an English poet had ever up to that time enjoyed, and Scott was now a famous man, and thenceforth till the end of his life, writing books, and especially books of romance, was his chief business.

There followed in succession, the poems: "*Marmion*," "*Lady of the Lake*," "*Vision of Don Roderick*," "*Rokeby*," "*Lord of the Isles*;" but overshadowing these works, there began and grew the great series of romance, called still after the title of the first, "*The Waverley Novels*." The first one, "*Waverley*," grew out of the same great fund of material which had been accumulating in Scott's mind; but it was in his own eyes a more hazardous proceeding to publish it, than it had been to publish "*The Lay of the Last Minstrel*." There were no successful novels then existing; good poetry was more popular, and a



Sir Walter Scott.

written on it by the hands of the men, who, for hundreds of years, fathers and sons, had lived their strange, adventurous lives there. But this was much like dreaming; and all this while he was going on with the hard work of a plain gentleman's son, who had his bread to earn. His father was a lawyer, and in this profession Walter was bred, though he chose a different branch from that pursued by his father. For a long time, just when he was full of his romance, and of the good-fellowship which he enjoyed with his companions in study, he worked steadily at the driest sort of labor, not relaxing until his work was done, but using his pen as a copyist as diligently as if he were engaged in the lighter task of writing a letter to his chosen friend, William Clerk. His good sense and straightforward honesty led him into habits of industry and close application, which

poet stood higher in men's minds than a novelist. Partly, perhaps, for these reasons, and partly for the pleasure of overhearing himself talked of, Scott published "*Waverley*" without putting his name to it, and continued to publish the series of novels in the same way. For fourteen years these volumes were coming out almost as fast as the eager public could read them, — in one year three novels in ten volumes being published, — and yet Scott never acknowledged their authorship, except to the few to whom he had intrusted the secret. Of course, long before he publicly claimed them, people talked of him as the author, and he only told at length what every one knew; but there was a mystery about the publication, and something so nearly impossible in one man turning out such a prodigious amount of work, that there was a stout discussion going on all the

time whether Scott really was the author. Some of his intimate friends, who were not in the secret, would not believe him the author, for they saw him constantly engaged all day long with other work, or showing his liberal hospitality: they did not see him, however, in the early morning, when he was throwing off sheet after sheet of his latest novel before the household had risen; or at night in his chamber when the household was at rest. Lockhart, who has written *Scott's Life*, tells us how once in Edinburgh he was dining with some young fellows, gay and thoughtless like himself, with little care except to make the present pass quickly; — but we will let him tell his story: —

"After carousing for an hour or more, I observed that a shade had come over the aspect of my friend Menzies, who happened to be placed immediately opposite to myself, and said some-



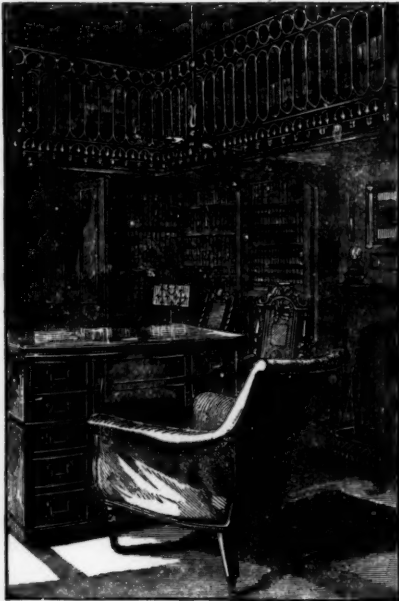
View of Abbotsford.

thing that intimated a fear of his being unwell. 'No!' said he. 'I shall be well enough presently, if you will only let me sit where you are, and take my chair; for there is a confounded hand in sight of me here, which has often bothered me before, and now it won't let me fill my glass with a good will.' I rose to change places with him accordingly, and he pointed out to me this hand, which, like the writing on Belshazzar's wall, disturbed his hour of hilarity. 'Since we sat down,' he said, 'I have been watching it: it fascinates my eye; it never stops; page after page is finished, and thrown on that heap of manuscript, and still it goes on unwearied; and so it will be till candles are brought in, and God knows how long after that. It is the same every night: I can't stand a sight of it when I am not at my books.' — 'Some stupid, dogged, engrossing clerk,

probably,' exclaimed myself, 'or some other giddy youth in our society.' — 'No, boys!' said our host, 'I well know what hand it is: 't is Walter Scott's.' This was the hand that, in the evenings of three summer weeks, wrote the two last volumes of '*Waverley*.' Would that all who that night watched it, had profited by its example of diligence as largely as William Menzies!"

As Scott's popularity rose with each successive novel, so his prosperity increased, and he set about achieving what had long been a cherished purpose — the building for himself a house in the heart of his beloved country, which should be his own, and, like the houses of his ancestors, be the gathering place of all his friends and kinsmen, where he could display a hospitality as broad as his generous nature desired; and where, too, he could realize to the full his darling ambition

of living a right noble Scottish life, farming, planting trees, and making a grand Scott home-stead. As with all the rest of his plans, this grew, from little beginnings and humble intentions, to vast proportions; and the result was Abbotsford, with its great castle-like house, built of spoils from all the neighboring ruins, and filled with curious ancient relics, which the enthusiastic antiquary gathered and received from every quarter. Here his friends came, and about him here his family grew; while the farm itself, under his



Sir Walter Scott's Study at Abbotsford.

artist eye, developed into a lovely and varied estate.

Did not this seem to be a sunny life? and yet there was to come a storm; and after the storm, men were to see this stalwart, oaken character still erect, though beaten upon sorely.

Early in his literary career, indeed, before he was fairly a writer, Scott had interested himself in an old school friend, James Ballantyne, who was a printer at Kelso. He induced him to come

to Edinburgh, and used his influence to obtain work for him; by degrees, as his own schemes of authorship took shape, he joined his fortunes with those of his friend, and was in effect a partner of his in a great and growing business. Scott wrote the books which Ballantyne printed, and his mighty industry kept the presses filled. Was it strange that Scott should have been thought by his partner, and should have thought himself, to have an inexhaustible capital in his brain, when he had only to write a novel, and thousands of pounds flowed in at once? But over confidence, bad management, and troublesome times, brought a crisis. The printing and publishing houses in which he was interested, failed, and Scott became suddenly a poor man — but still with that California head of his.

And now came the turn in Sir Walter's life, which, with all its sadness, led to his noblest honor. The law gave him the chance to escape the obligation laid upon him by the failure of Ballantyne, but he refused to accept it. Friends, even strangers, came forward with magnificent offers of money, but he put them aside, took up his pen, and deliberately set about discharging debts which his sense of honor forbade him to disregard. He was to roll off a load of five hundred thousand dollars. Look at this man! nearly sixty years of age, "lonely, aged, deprived of my family — all but poor Anne," as he writes, when fast following his losses, comes the death of his wife; so lonely, that for companionship he talks to his daily "Diary," yet working on and on, steadily giving himself to his task, and shrinking from no labor that may bring him nearer to the goal of his desires; warned by a paralytic stroke, yet again taking his heavy pen, which once raced lightly over the paper, — we turn away, and will not look at the failing strength, the broken body, the worn mind. He died the 21st of September, 1832, having, with almost superhuman strength, discharged half of his obligations. His family and friends took up the sacred debt, and discharged the remainder. The world will never cease owing a debt of gratitude to one who has cheered it with so many pure and noble tales, and given it, besides, his own hearty, whole-souled, Christian life.



TWO LIVES IN ONE.

BY VIEUX MOUSTACHE.

CHAPTER X.

FROM PRISON TO THE WEST.

SUNDAY, and Sunday night, Hudson passed in the Tombs. It was a time he never forgot in all his after years. Imagine his situation: a little boy, entirely alone and forsaken, it seemed to him; confined closely in a cell, with criminals on every side; realizing now, from the whole train of circumstances, that he was one of a set of burglars,—that he had been engaged in a most wicked enterprise; and supposing, in his ignorance of the law, and with the exaggerated remembrance of many conversations of his old companions, that he would be hung for his crime. Oh, the sufferings of that poor child! How he wondered, in his misery, whether God knew that he did not do the wrong intentionally. How he wondered whether Bella could believe he was not a thief; and then the thought, if the three men who had misled and forced him to do what he had done, if they were such bad men, how was it that his aunt and Bull lived with them? What perplexities, fears, suspicions, and despair, stormed over the boy's brain and heart! Thirty hours of such suffering! What would have become of him, had he not that prayer to say? It was mother and father to him—all that he had brought with him out of the past. It gave him—he could not reason how or why—his only comfort now, his only security. At one time, when he was in his sharpest distress, it all seemed suddenly, as he said his prayer, to vanish; and, forgetting fatigue, prison, death, and disgrace, he passed for a few moments into what he believed a wonderful dream, though so dim, and fading away as quickly as a breath on a mirror: A little boy kneeling, with his hands crossed on a lady's lap; a little girl kneeling beside him. He saw both faces,—so much sweeter than any he had ever seen. The lady seemed to speak to him, though he could distinguish no words. Her eyes seemed to smile, to weep, to embrace him, to warm him. The picture he was in, was gone. He cried out, "Mother! mother!" It was his mother, he *knew*, and he fell weeping on the floor of his prison.

Let us spare ourselves the further spectacle of the poor child's agony, nor detail his feelings through all the prison hours, and when he was

brought into court on Monday morning. The stern, dignified judge; the crowd of such spectators as are always found greedily gazing at the sad sights of a police court; the small prisoner, with his boyish cheeks now pale, the bright eyes blurred and drooping, his curly hair disordered and dull, and his whole aspect full of sadness, fear, and restlessness,—these we must see; but we shall only remain long enough at the examination to learn how the three policemen, the chief witnesses against Hudson, testified that, alarmed by a heavy explosion, they had hastened to the scene of the attempted robbery, and there found only a boy, "the prisoner at the bar," stunned by the concussion, and lying senseless near the safe, and close to a bag that contained all the most scientific tools employed by burglars in their profession. It was evident, of course, to every one in the court, that one single individual, and that a boy of twelve years of age only, could never have carried out the successful entrance of a strong store, and the operations necessary to break open an iron safe. From further witnesses, it appeared that the attic door had been found wrenched open, after the alarm at the store, and that there were other evidences that the boy's companion, or companions, had escaped by that way. The judge, having heard the whole case, and questioned Hudson, whose answers were most ingenuous, decided that the boy was evidently only a tool of some accomplished burglars, and, because of his youthfulness, and that this was his first appearance, and also, probably, because of his intelligence, figure, and manner, so superior to the cases of the juvenile thieves he had ordinarily to deal with, he would (advising him most earnestly forever after to avoid the dangerous persons he had hitherto associated with) simply send him to the Island for six weeks.

After the examination of Hudson had commenced, a large woman, decently clad, but so veiled that her features could not be distinguished, hastily entered the court room, and made her way, elbowing and pushing through the crowd, to near the front of the many in attendance. As there were but two or three other females in the room, this woman's appearance, and nervous manner, excited some attention. She listened eagerly to the evidence of the policemen, and when the justice addressed the prisoner, and the boy re-

sponded so clearly and innocently, — among other things, describing, by his honor's command, the appearance of the men who had forced him to the crime of burglary, and then the house and its situation, where he had lived in New York, — her respiration was so labored, and her attention so earnest and engrossing, that those near turned to her with much curiosity. She suddenly detected that she was challenging their inspection, and quickly commanded herself, exclaiming loudly enough for her observers to hear, and with a short, unconcerned laugh, "That boy is innocent, or else he is a shrewd bird, any way." Could they have seen beneath her veil, they would have discovered a pale, hard-set face, with the remnants of some beauty in it, and eyes firm, and full of energy, but yet with a kind look in them, strangely at variance with the reckless, fierce expression of the other features. The face, and the gray strewn in her hair, showed she must be a woman of fifty; and care, passion, and misery had set their marks in the forehead and about the mouth. It was Bella, who, on the next day to that on which Hudson left the quarry, had hastened in anger and great solicitude to the city, to rescue the child, for whom alone, of all the world, the few tendrils of goodness in her life stretched strongly through the darkness surrounding it. We know that where some of the senses are lost, the power of the others is intensified; and so it was with this female criminal. Her interest in Hudson was a surpassing zeal, for all other good outlets of a woman's heart were dammed to her. Arrived in New York, she had visited every haunt and shelter of her comrades, but without success. During the week Hudson was with Red Rob, Squirrel, and Thimble-Rig, Bella had hunted the city for him. Early on the day of Hudson's committal to Randall's Island, she learned the particulars of the burglary, and knew immediately that the boy arrested must be her boy. Had she then encountered, at that moment, one of those three men, who had led Hudson away and forced him into crime, I really believe she would, in her wrath, have tried to kill him. As it was, her anger kept in bounds only by the grief and disappointment accompanying it, she hurried to the court, where she knew such crimes were first arraigned. As we have seen, she did not there command her excited interest in the prisoner, though, when observed, she had tried to cover it by a careless expression. When the scene closed, and the woman went out with the crowd into the street, there were tears moistening those fierce eyes, and sobs, against which she vainly strove,

rose in her bosom. She grieved for the little fellow's fate; but more than that, she mourned because she had resolved never to see him again, — never again to bring him among those who had once succeeded in making him the tool and victim of their villainies. "No, no!" she said to herself, as, indifferent to her path, and hurrying in extreme distress, she pushed her way through the throng in the street. "No, no! I won't see him again: never, never. God will — yes, I know He will — care for the poor little lamb!"

What are called the nurseries of Randall's Island, and are the establishments where all young offenders against the laws, arrested in New York, — thieves, vagrants, etc., — are temporarily imprisoned, or rather, provided for and instructed, until the periods for which they are sentenced expire. Sometimes good conduct procures liberation within the time appointed for confinement. At other times, the application of the offender's parents releases him; and occasionally, when the young prisoner seems to have neither parents, relatives, nor friends, and a tradesman, or farmer, or other, applies to the Nursery for a young hand in the store or farm, he has a chance for a new life amid different scenes, and probably under better auspices than he has before enjoyed.

For the first two days of his life on the Island, Hudson felt only grief, shame, and loneliness. He was one of hundreds of boys, most of them busy and merry, but they laughed at and teased him because he was so innocent, knowing no city slang, using no oaths, and so ignorant of city life, and the pleasures of crime. In a few days more, however, he began to mingle with his fellow-prisoners, and, like almost any other boy, he entered joyfully into the games and exercises and companionship he had never before known. I fear that this new experience might have been as bad for Hudson as the influence and teachings of the men thieves he had been taken from; for the majority of the Island boys were reckless, depraved young reprobates, who, brought up in vice, were adepts in all kinds of wickedness, and, though cleanly clothed, well fed, kindly treated, and freely taught in this place of restraint and intended reform, were yet constantly hungering for the excitement of their city lives, and constantly planning thefts and dissipation for their time of release. But Hudson's career at the Nursery was, most fortunately, to be a short one, and there was the sweetness and strength of the little fellow's "Lord's Prayer," to freshen and sustain him in times of evil or trouble.

Hudson had not been on the Island much more

than a week, when, one day, as he sat by a tree in the play-ground resting, after a round of ball, he saw a figure among the half dozen city people, who happened to be visiting the Island institutions, which, somehow, attracted his attention. It seemed familiar, and yet Hudson felt sure he had never seen that gray-whiskered and spectacled face before. He stared at the man almost unconsciously, thinking, the while, sadly of the only two friends he had ever known, — Bella and Bull. As he gazed and thought, the man approached, wearing a strange kind of quizzical smile on his face, as much as to say, "Well, youngster, can't you say something?" but he did not say that, but only continued slowly to draw nearer the boy, until he reached a low fence, on which he leaned one elbow, and with the hand of the other arm, removed whiskers and spectacles from his face. His back was turned to every body on the large play-ground, but Hudson. It was Bull. Hudson sprang up joyfully, but Bull instantly replaced his disguises, saying, in a low, quick, and decided tone, "Sit still." His tone was so peremptory, though his jolly old expression, half a laugh, half a smile, accompanied it, that Hudson did as he was ordered, and then Bull continued, "We can be just as affectionate at twenty paces. My young ore from Brackden mine — you don't remember that night, do you? Ha, ha! Now, I have about two minutes in which to risk my liberty, and p'raps my neck, in talking to you, but Bella would have it so. You know now, I guess, that you have been living with a lot of thieves. Well, don't think, bimeby, too hard of us, specially Bella, for she's mighty soft on you, young 'un. She wants me to tell you that you are no kin to her, and that you must never be a thief, ha, ha! — or any of those sort of things, and you must never come back to the quarry; and of my own account, I, Bull, tell you, don't ever peach on us, or I'll — well, no matter — only don't peach, that's all. How you came in 'the mine, or who in the mischief you really are, or how you managed to forget every thing, or why we did n't leave you in the mine, I don't know. Hang me if I do. However, all that is nothing now."

Bull stopped a moment in his speech, to search in his pockets. A short, stubby revolver, was one of the things he got hold of; also a cigar, that he pulled out and looked at, then balanced it in his fingers, felt his spectacles, whilst he purred his strange, low laugh, and returned the tobacco to a pocket, substituting in the place he would have put it, a tooth-pick, that he proceeded to

chew with some relish, when at length he found what he had searched for, among his many divers possessions. It was a little pincushion in the form of a heart, and marked with a child's needle-work, — "From sister Daisy." This he threw to Hudson, saying, — "There, Bella said to give you that. She found it somewhere about you when I lugged you to the quarry one mighty dark night, four or five years ago. And here, Hud, my boy" — he thrust his hand hurriedly in his breast, and hauled out a roll of bills, two of which he rolled into a little ball, and tossed to Hudson as he had the pincushion, — "here are two V's: you may want them some time. Stow them away safe. Oh now, none of your thanks, or any of that stuff; just stay there where you are, and say a quiet good-by to cut-throat Bull, who is yours in great haste, etc., as the letters say. There, Hud, my boy, good-by!" Off he walked, with a diminutive roll of fox laughs, and a lounge and whistle, that were commentaries on his indifference.

Another day soon after, at the same hour of play, one of the overseers, accompanied by a stranger, appeared among the boys. This stranger was a tall, broad-shouldered, vigorous formed man of about fifty. He wore a low-crowned slouched hat, with a very broad brim, and a sort of long, thin overcoat, that reached nearly to his knees, and was buttoned tight across his strong chest. He carried in his hand a cane, which was half a whip. His face was straight-featured, clean shaven, well tanned, and very benevolent; a hearty, firm, cheerful countenance. He looked from one to another of the boys, with a quick, searching, laughing glance, talking with the overseer as his eyes picked out different lads. They guessed what he was, — a farmer, or perhaps a drover from the West, looking for a smart boy, and in a few minutes a lot of them were clustered about him, entreating, some jokingly, others earnestly, and all clamorously, that he would take them West with him. He laughed, and tapped some playfully with his stick, but did not seem to discover what he wanted, until suddenly he picked out Hudson, who was on the outskirts of the crowd, and called to him, — "O boy! O you sir — come here, will you? and now you fellows scatter. I want to have a word with curly head, — let him come." The overseer enforced the visitor's wish, and presently Hudson stood with the overseer and the stranger, the heavy hand of the latter on his shoulder.

"Are you a straightforward boy? an honest one? a smart one?" and without giving a sec-

ond for an answer, he hurried on, — "funny questions to ask here, eh? well, perhaps so, — no matter then, — but do you want to go to Kentucky, brave old Kentucky, and learn to be useful, — to ride a horse, and drive a horse, and break a horse — p'raps your own neck, ha! I'll risk any harm from your good looking curly head. Eh? Eh? Do you want to go? talk quick!"

"Yes, sir!" answered Hudson with an anxious smile, and a blush of excitement, — "yes, sir, I should like to go with you!"

An hour later, dressed in his own clothes, looking much like any other healthy, respectable boy, he was walking quickly alongside of his new master, carrying a little leather bag, and on his way across the city from the Island boat to the Jersey City Ferry, on his way to old Kentuck.

CHAPTER XI.

THE TRULYNS.

ABOUT the time of the incidents of our last chapter, the Trulyns made a fortnight's visit to New York. Whilst there, they read in some morning paper an account of a daring burglary, the full accomplishment of which was frustrated by the thieves' mismanagement in blowing up the safe, that was so badly or excessively charged, that it exploded with a report loud enough to alarm the policemen in the neighborhood, and scare away the burglars without securing the booty; and that, though the policemen had failed to catch the probable principals in the affair, they had secured a boy who had fired the safe, and been stunned by the explosion. The paper had stated, too, that this boy's confession in an examination before a police justice, convinced the magistrate that the little fellow captured was only the unfortunate tool of those who had escaped; that he had been sent to the Nursery on Randall's Island, but not until important information had been elicited from him, which would lead to the breaking up of a burglar's haunt in the very heart of the city. The reporter who had furnished the account of the robbery, the trial, etc., described very forcibly the interesting appearance of the child robber, picturing his prepossessing face, and quoting parts of the examination, where the boy had answered so frankly and innocently, as to excite a warm feeling for him among the spectators, and, as the sequel showed, to influence the judge to commendable leniency. Mr. Trulyn read the paragraph aloud to his wife and daughter, and be-

fore he had finished it, Daisy was in tears. The description of the curly haired boy, and his manner of expression was affecting, and somehow it made her think of her brother Robby, who would have been now just the supposed age of the young prisoner.

Their visit to New York completed, the Trulyns, one afternoon, took passage on the afternoon boat — the *Rip Van Winkle* — for their home. As they went on board the steamboat, Hudson, under the care of the man who had taken him from the Island, was stepping on the Jersey City Ferry, only a few piers from where the *Rip Van Winkle* was preparing to start up the river.

There are but few pieces of travel in the world more delightful than that afternoon sail up the Hudson, from New York until Newburgh Bay is reached, when twilight or night drops slowly its curtain, as the grandeur, abruptness, and wonderful picturesqueness of the scenery about West Point falls away to a broader river with more extended spreads of shore; the mountains no longer towering over a deep, sinuous water, mirroring ponderous shadows and wonderful tints of the sunset, but stretching back beyond the river farms, and losing their noble outlines in the distance and the night.

Often as Daisy has enjoyed that river journey, she never grows to find it a whit less enchanting, and this afternoon she sits with her mother and father in the forward cabin, lost in the delights of the scene, and in the thoughts it excites. Daisy is fifteen now, and so pretty as she leans with one arm on the deck-railing, a gentle, graceful hand supporting her enraptured face, that I, at least, should never see even the wonderful beauty of the Hudson River, whilst I could watch Daisy's face. Her mother, sitting close to her, is more beautiful as a woman, perhaps, than the daughter as a girl. Even the sorrow that has saddened her face, diminishes not its charms, but rather adds to them, in exciting your sympathy, and even your reverence. It is the face that a child would naturally raise its little lips to. It is the face that a noble man would instinctively bend his head to. Poor little Robby Trulyn! and the spell of Fairy Land has beguiled you from these; separated you from mother and sister; led you to a fate that has even blotted out their memory, — to a fate, too, of hardships, temptations, and suffering! There stands the father of the lost boy, such an honest looking gentleman, but with not so cheerful mien as once. Perhaps he remembers that probably the last tones of his little

boy's voice sounded once here among these mountain shores, calling for help.

When about fifty miles of the sail we made, and the boat was curving at a less speed through the narrowest and wildest part of the river, Daisy looked with absorbing interest at that locality where she knew her brother Robby, that long past day on the Tor, had believed his Fairy Land lay, and whither he had started with childish impulse, — only fancying what was before, forgetting what he was leaving behind. As such thoughts filled her until her heart beat fast, she longed to talk of Robby. But with her mother, she dared not do so, knowing well how any mention of that dreadful time, and of Robby's fate, brought new anguish to her mother. With her father, though, she often now talked of the lost one, so, turning quickly from her place, she went to her father, and, taking his hand, said, — "Come, father, let us go out on the open deck and walk; mama won't be lonely here for a few minutes."

Mr. Trulyn cheerfully agreed to the proposition, and they went together to the deck, where there were only a few cinder-sprinkled benches, and a big boat turned bottom up.

Whilst they had sat in the open cabin, an old woman, apparently a plain, aged, wrinkled country woman, whose broad, old-fashioned bonnet almost hid her face, occupied an arm-chair close to them. She seemed to doze and be heedless of the party near whom she sat. But a close observer might possibly have noticed that she was watching them, and every other passenger within sight, — doing it all most cunningly under the shade of the bonnet and the pretense of napping, and on the Trulyn party, more than any others, she kept a cat-like eye. The only movement she made whilst the Trulyns were in the cabin together, was — as the boat passed a certain rugged, irregular gully, that seemed a great rent in the mountains, and that, thickly grown with vines and cedars, spread at the river side to a sloping triangle, in the remote and smaller end of which stood, but partly seen, a rough house, close by a red, broken spot, that might have been an unworked quarry — to make a few steps to the open side of the cabin, and lean over the railing, spreading, at the same time, her large handkerchief from her hand. This action seemed to be without any purpose. No one would have supposed she was waving the handkerchief, or making a signal of any kind to a man, who, on a river ledge of wet stones, seemed to be earnestly fishing, only raising his gaze for a moment as the boat sent its waves rolling to his feet. In a min-

ute more, as the boat turned an abrupt point of the river there, a crow's caw, thrice repeated, sounded from the spot just passed, — *the quarry*.

Mr. Trulyn and Daisy seated themselves against the side of the upper portion of a wheel-house. The old woman soon after left the cabin, and walked out where she could see where the two were, and, having discovered that, she passed through the open cabin again, and went out on the guards, nearly below where Mr. Trulyn and Daisy sat, and not more than twelve feet from them. Though she could neither see them, nor be seen by them, yet she could overhear their conversation. If any person had noticed her position there, seated on a stool, with her head supported by a hand, he might have thought, probably, "Poor old woman, she must have a headache, and have come out for air and rest."

After some conversation, incomprehensible and uninteresting to the old woman, she heard Daisy say, — for she was eavesdropping, — "Papa, you know that it was nearly about the hills we have just passed through, that Robby fancied he saw his Fairy Land, that afternoon he left us."

"Yes, I know it, dear; and is it to talk to me again about our little Robby, that you brought me away from mother?"

"Yes, papa; for you know we must not speak of it to mother; and yet I do so love to talk of him. O father! do you *really* think he was drowned? Do you not think he might have got ashore from those boats without the people on board knowing of it, and have lost his hat, or handkerchief, somehow, without being drowned? Father, they never found *him*, you know."

"Daisy, my dear little girl, why do you persist in such wild hopes? If our little boy had not been drowned, think you he could have wandered about on shore only twenty or thirty miles from his own home, and never been found by any one, to restore him to us? Why, the thing is impossible; and if he had got on shore, and come upon no person to help or direct him, he would have perished in those lonely, rough mountains. My child, I almost wish I had your strange hope, vain as it is. It seems sometimes as if even that little brittle thread of hope would lighten the load I now bear, — and yet, perhaps, it might only make it heavier. God's will be done!"

"Father, I know what you say is right, and yet I never think of Robby as dead, — *I can't*, — though I know I should. I think of him as alive somewhere, and that he will come back to us. And do you know, my dear father, that always, when we have gone and come to and from New

York on the boat, and we pass those mountains, I think so much of Robby, that it has seemed to me as if he were near me. And I have often seen a little boy playing and climbing about all alone in that gloomy ravine, where that deserted looking house stands, — you know, — where the man was fishing to-day; and when I have seen him even so far off, I have had hard work to stop myself from calling him 'Robby, Robby!' and at those times it was to me exactly as if it must be Robby, — and — and — and when the boat has turned the point, and left him out of my sight, O father! I could not help crying" — here she was sobbing and sobbing — "just as if he — he were going away from me again — all — all over again."

"My poor daughter! Robby gone from us so long, more than four years, and yet the wound not healed."

"Is it so long, father? Yes, I know it is," said Daisy, recovering somewhat from her emotion.

"Four years this June," continued her father, "the thirteenth of June, — three months after his seventh birthday."

* During this conversation, the old woman had listened carefully, her interest increasing as it progressed, until, when Daisy told of fancying she saw, in the little boy playing about the quarry, her brother, the old woman rose from her seat, to have her ear nearer the speakers; and when Mr. Trulyn mentioned the date of his son's loss, she started, and exclaimed in a whisper, that sounded strange for a woman's voice — "Eigh! the same boy, I'll bet my life!"

An hour later, there was a crowd jostling one another in the confusion of landing at the dock, where the Trulyn party left the boat for their home at Morning Side. The passengers disembarked, the *Rip Van Winkle* moved on again. Mr. Trulyn, before getting into his carriage, wished to know the hour, and felt for his watch: it was gone. His pocket-book: that was gone too.

The poor old woman on the boat was Thimble-Rig in one of his disguises, and on a tour of business, to pick up watches and other light plunder. The city, after the burglary and Hudson's examination, got too warm for him. Among the passengers, he had "spotted," as the thieves say, the Trulyn party. They had the appearance of wealth, and so he had followed and kept near them, to watch for whatever might turn up favorable to his intentions. In passing the quarry, he had signaled to one of his comrades, to give

the information that he was safe and busy. In the darkness and confusion of landing, he had succeeded perfectly in transferring from Mr. Trulyn to Thimble-Rig, Esq., a valuable hunting watch and a well-filled porte-monnaie. But more than those, he had gained, he believed, what might prove of use and profit to himself and his comrades, — the identity of Hudson with a rich man's son. What a chance!

Yes, what a chance! But his own deviltry in making the boy an accomplice in the burglary had made his chance worthless, for the boy was now taken from him by the law, and never after (could Hudson's whereabouts have been discovered, and even when it was known) would the influence of Bull and Bella in the gang, permit their comrades to secure the poor boy again. Soon after this, too, when Thimble-Rig came again into Bella's kingdom, he had dire cause to appreciate her vengeance and her physical strength, barely escaping with his life.

CHAPTER XII.

A STOCK FARM IN KENTUCKY.

SINCE we saw Hudson last, two years have passed, and in meeting him again, we may expect to find many changes, from the little Randall's Island boy we remember starting for the West, under the care of a certain large, hearty looking man, who had delivered him from the companionship of blackguards and thieves.

It is a glorious day of October, and we see it in perfection on this splendid piece of farm land sloping to the southeast, with hundreds of fat acres running down to the Cumberland River, and facing the grandeur of the Cumberland Mountains. Not as in Massachusetts, New York, and those other States we are familiar with at the North, is there here a checker of small fields separated by straight, harsh stone walls, but great expanses of pasture, grain lands, and wood, marked into forty, seventy, and hundred acre pieces, by zigzagging rail fences, which, though not economical for farmers, give picturesqueness to the landscape, and tell often, too, of virgin countries and neighboring forests. A long, low, amply-piazzaed house, with many chimneys and angles, and tall, old trees, standing solemnly about it, tops the spread of fields. Many out-houses, too, making a miniature village of Roxly plantation, cluster, without seeming plan, about the larger house. Some of these are stables, with large and high-fenced yards, and loose boxes

built along their limits. You always hear the bark of dogs, and the strong, encouraging voices of those busy among horses and cattle, resounding from this Roxly settlement. The neigh of some, and the low of others, sound pleasantly, mixed with many calls and voices, giving cheerfulness and liveliness to the scene.

On the Roxly place, as on many other large landed possessions in Kentucky, even before the War of the Rebellion, the work and general character of the management were less those of the plantation than of the farm, particularly in the high counties — the "up country" — as in Knox County, where we now are, and where the climate — so much cooler and more vigorous than that of other Southern parts — and the products were more like those of Northern States. Grain and stock were the principal sources of profit.

Colonel Roe Roxly, — generally called "Colonel Roe," and the "Colonel" only, a title of compliment and respect to his wealth and bearing, — the owner of this estate, and the same person who took Hudson from his island prison, was one of the largest grain growers and stock breeders in Kentucky. He had inherited twenty or thirty negroes from his father, and these he yet held. They did all the field work, and also the under-work in the stables; but in the management of his horses, cattle, and mules, which, altogether, numbered over three hundred heads, he employed white help. Four of these lived in the Colonel's family. First, his son-in-law, Brindley Stiles, a fine fellow of twenty-eight. Then his son Giles, as strong and tall as his father, a lad of eighteen. Besides these, was another lad of about sixteen, a wild, good-hearted, but worthless chap. Hudson came last and youngest in this company. The other white hands, workers in the stables, and overseers of the negroes, lived in another family, apart from the Roxly house. Now, Col. Roe was a kind, wise master. He loved his "boys," as he called his white assistants, those who lived with him, and took as active interest in their welfare as in that of his blooded mares, splendid stallions, square boned mules, and imported Jerseys and Kerrys, and that is saying more than you may at first suppose, and much more than some fathers take in their own children. Every evening the three boys, Giles, Ralph Agglee, and Hudson, were packed off to a night school, that was held, all the year round, in the village or town, two miles away from Roxly. It was a school, too, rare in any State south of New York, that might have rivaled the best country schools of Yankee land. Its master

was a strange, learned young man, half Yankee, half Englishman, who passed his days in hunting, his nights in teaching and study. He was greatly liked, though he had, on a few necessary occasions, whaled some goodly, well-grown specimen of old Kentuck; but tutor Stranck was a *man* — that his pupils knew, besides their knowledge of his skill as a hunter.

At the Colonel's table, where his daughter, Mrs. Stiles, presided, for the Colonel's wife had been dead four years when Hudson came to his home, the boys learned only what was generous, brave, and simple; and that family at Roxly, oddly made up as it was, though wanting, perhaps, in some elegancies, and it may be, perhaps, in a few refinements, was not a bad school in manners and manliness for any American boy. The Colonel had never told where he found Hudson, and he had also forbidden him ever to disclose, whilst he was one of his family, whence he came.

Hudson, when we find him at Roxly, is as handsome, open-faced, cheery-looking a boy, as one cares to see. He is tall for his years, straight and active, graceful and curly haired. His older companions like him, and rather pet him. The Colonel, who had taken a particular fancy to his young charge ever since he first cast his eyes on him in the crowd of island boys, and since the journey together to Kentucky, spared no pains to help and encourage him in what he learned and did, both in farm work and school study. Hudson is very happy now, and his youthful ideal of womanhood is the only woman he sees every day, the sweet, quiet-mannered wife of Brindley Stiles. Hudson is up each morning at daylight, and runs singing out to the stables, where he has a certain number of horses and cows to water and clean. Later in the day, he has horses to exercise and colts to bridle; and so, in a round of riding, driving, and farm duties, his days are busily and pleasantly occupied.

This October day Hudson has been to help Brindley Stiles and Giles Roxly get a drove of mules down to the river, and raft them off for Nashville, Tennessee, to the purchasers. For that purpose they had driven the animals many miles, to a part of the river where embarkation was easy. It had been an active job; and as they drew near Roxly plantation, on their return, each on horseback, the sun, not much more than an hour high, adorned the distant Cumberland in glory, glittered sparkingly on the gracefully curving river, and illumined the Roxly mansion, its tall trees, and its brood of barns and outhouses, with delightful effect.

"I tell you," said Giles, dropping the reins on his horse's neck, and lifting his hat from his head, to enjoy the autumn breeze, — "I tell you, if there is a place in old Kentuck, or in any State, North or South, pleasanter to see than our Roxly, I should like to see it — that's all."

His brother-in-law, Brindley, admired the place as much as Giles, but he was a quiet, firm, unemonstrative man, and only smiled as the younger one spoke with such zest, and held in his horse on the hill-top they had reached, to have a full view of the scene before them.

"Splendid!" ejaculated the impulsive Hudson, as he and Giles, in a few steps more, brought their horses to a halt. After a few moments' enjoyment of the picture, they all, at Brindley's example, started again in a hand-gallop, to complete their last half mile. Giles's horse was hard to restrain, but he managed to keep him in line, and ask his brother-in-law, — "Brindley, how will Ralph, Hudson, and I, get down to school to-night? These horses have had enough; father won't let us take any of the colts or good ones out at night, — oh, if he only would, — eh, Hud? and hang it, I am too tired and stiff to walk."

"Well, put the Brant mules in the wagon; your father won't mind that," answered Brindley Stiles.

"Yes, drat it, there is a way, and I am most sorry of it, for I get too much schooling altogether. There is a frolic at old Hampdon's this very night, and there are some coons I want to get, over in the East Swamp, and there will be such a bright fire at home, and — I say, drat it, there are lots of better things to do than going to school. Don't you say so, Hud?"

"Well, Giles, school is n't the best fun going, but then I have never had much of it, you see; so I must take all I can get. But you are older and smarter than I am. You will soon be done, won't you?"

"Hope so," answered Giles, laughing. "I ought to be; but you see, we never had a decent teacher down to the village, until Stranck came, three years ago; so father is determined to keep me there as long as he can. Why, before this teacher came, we had nearly cleared out the coons and wild cats; and now, with only Saturday nights to get at them, hang me if East Swamp ain't full of them. Another thing; I have n't killed but one deer in three years. Before Stranck's days, I had shot four; and Brindley, did you hear that Mr. Stranck killed a big panther cat, an old tom, last week?"

"Yes," said Brindley, "I know it. It was the

same fellow I had tracked and watched for a month. He came down from the mountains, and crossed the river by Gordon's ford; I found that out. Mr. Stranck killed him near black Scip's cabin, seven miles away."

Talking in this way, they soon neared Roxly house, and heard Ralph's shout of greeting from the stables. Putting up their horses with a good long rub, which the Colonel was in the stables to see well done, they all repaired to the house and supper. Since Hudson had been on the farm, he had shown a remarkable readiness and courage in the management of horses. It was for this reason, probably, that the Colonel was particularly partial to Hudson. This evening, just as supper was finished, Mrs. Stiles asked, — "Father, what has become of the Hero colt? I have not heard you speak of him in a long time. Is he broken yet?"

The Hero colt was a young horse of celebrated stock, that Colonel Roe had bought about a year before. "Is he broken yet?" the Colonel replied, repeating his daughter's question. "No, Lydia, and I don't see that he will be. He is the biggest-spirited colt we ever had on this place. He ain't nervous — he ain't vicious; but he just won't knuckle under to man. We have bridled him and saddled him for months, led him about, trained him with the dumb jockey, and all that, but not one of the men can get on him."

"I think I could," suddenly blurted out Hudson, blushing very red as he said it. A rough peal of laughter greeted the boy's bold speech. It died away in the comments of his auditors: —

"Perhaps the boy might. Who knows? Ha! ha!" said the Colonel.

"He would break his neck," said Brindley Stiles.

"What a conceited monkey you are, Hud, when even Brindley can't mount him," put in Giles.

"Our new riding-master; what a big, strong fellow he is! Pshaw! for the fool," was Ralph's sneering comment.

"I hope, father, you won't let him try," said Lydia Stiles, who had not had a voice in the laugh. The subject of riding the Hero colt was dismissed for the evening; but the next morning Hudson repeated, when he was alone with the Colonel, his desire to try riding the unconquerable horse.

"Well, come along, then, to the paddock; but mind now, boy, you must be careful," answered the Colonel. The paddock was a soft pasture lot of about five acres, adjoining the principal

stable. It was fenced with rails four and a half feet high, and on one side of it ran a road leading to the river ferry from the Roxly place. When Colonel Roxly ordered one of the negroes to lead out the Hero colt, saddled, they looked at him, as if to ask, — "Lor, massa ! who'se mont dat 'orse now ?"

And he answered their evident curiosity by saying, — "Well, Hudson, are you ready for him ?"

Brindley Stiles, Giles Roxly, Ralph, and all the hands about the stables, looked on in astonishment. Ralph whistled a long, significant note, and Brindley urged his father-in-law not to let Hudson take the risk. But Colonel Roe only whipped the palm of his left hand with his riding stick, saying, with a laugh, — "Perhaps the boy can give you all a lesson in riding. He is a mighty young one with a horse, anyhow."

They all went together into the paddock ; and two negro lads, one at each side of the colt's head, led him from the stable.

He was a beauty ; steel limbed, muscular, and full of fire. His coat was a black bay, and sleek as velvet. As he stepped into the field, he threw up his head so strongly as almost to jerk the grooms from their feet, and then he snorted a defiance from his blood-red nostrils.

Hudson advanced quickly but coolly, took the reins in hand, and got a foot in the stirrup, whilst the negroes yet held fast to the bridle. As he rose, and threw a leg over the saddle, he said, calmly, — "Let him go." He was in his seat, and the horse free. The colt first threw his head up and back with a tremendous snort, and then crouched, as if for a great plunge ; but as the reins were held lightly, and his rider met his uneasiness with a low, steady word, he contented himself for the moment with a few strong bounds and rears. It was astonishing to see how easily and fearlessly the boy sat, with no weight on the reins, and no stiffness of limb ; but he was down broad and low in the saddle, and there was a grip in the knees that looked very secure. The colt now trotted fiercely around the paddock, for Hudson seemed to give him his own way, almost as if he were riderless. He continued his snorting, and inspected the rails on all sides, as if he would find a convenient place to go over. After a restless circle or two, he, with a fierce kick behind, dashed into a gallop, and suddenly bolted to the middle of the field, where he exhibited the most savage series of buck-jumps that any of the lookers on, stable men though they were, had ever witnessed. You may know that this "bucking," or

"buck jumping," is the leaping from all four feet at once ; the back raised the neck thrown out straight, and the legs kept stiff as the horse alights again, and this performance is the most difficult one a rider can encounter. Indeed, the best riders, and horse authorities, often say, that "the only safe way to sit a buck leap, is to dismount as quickly as possible." That Hudson did not do, but he threw his arms around the horse's neck, and laid as flat and relaxed as possible in the saddle. After these efforts, — and all these performances occupied much less time than that you take to read them in, — he stood almost motionless a moment, only throwing his head from side to side, as if furiously perplexed and enraged. Then he resumed his buck leaps even more strongly this time, and nearly succeeded in throwing the boy off before he could again clasp the neck. Once more he stood still, — but only for a second, — and up he went, pawing the air, his mane and tail flying, his eyes distended, his nostrils spread full and red. He was balanced there for a second, — a noble picture, — and down he came. Away went his heels as high as his head had been. It was frightful, even for the experienced horsemen who beheld it, to see the savageness of this horse, and the consequent danger of the rider. Once or twice, Hudson lost his full seat, and seemed about to fall, but with surprising activity and coolness he would fix himself again. Look at that second rear ! Hudson has thrown all his weight forward, — even his feet are raised, and no weight on the bit. But — ah ! — the colt is going over. There — crash — he is on his back ! But Hudson vaulted from him as the horse lost his balance ; and when, partly stunned by the fall, the animal raises himself on his haunches, Hudson, before the colt gains his four feet, catches his head, and, as he rises with a spring like a tiger, is in the saddle again. He gains the seat, and that is all, — the stirrups are yet swinging loose, when Hero is off like an arrow from a bow, straight for the fence. Eugh — yes, with a grunt, such as an angry horse, or as one making a mighty effort, will utter, he rises to the fence, and clearing it with a prodigious bound, takes the road, in a wild, clattering gallop, for the ferry.

The men watch without a word, until Hudson, quarter of a mile off, turns in his saddle, and waves his right hand. Then the Colonel, letting loose a great laugh of relief, breaks his whipstick in his hands, and throwing the pieces right and left, says, — "There, boys, is your riding-master. Yes, by thunder, and no man in the

whole of Kentuck, I don't care a whiff who he is, can do any better than that lad Hudson."

The Colonel, and his "boys," and the negroes, all made their comments now, looking the while down the ferry road, where horse and rider had disappeared. In fifteen minutes the two came in sight again, returning. The horse in a tired,

nervous gallop, the boy smiling, and sitting as easily as if he were on a rocking chair. Both wet as musk-rats, for straight into the river had Hudson let his horse go, until he had turned of his own will, and swum ashore. The Hero colt was conquered, and the spectators gave Hudson as hearty cheers as any victor ever had.

THE RACE BETWEEN THE HARE AND THE HEDGEHOG.

BY E. J. KUNTZE.

It was on a Saturday morning, in the spring of the year, and probably in Germany, the land of smokers, that a worthy Hedgehog was seen walking up and down in front of his modest hut, puffing great clouds of smoke from a meerschaum into the cloudless atmosphere. This modest hut he and his industrious wife had ingeniously made of thorns and brambles. They were originally squatters, coming from an adjacent country, and not having been disturbed during the lawful time, they now held hut and land in their own right, subject to forcible ejection only. To protect his family from the roving propensities of the aristocratic dogs, who, from generation to generation, claimed to have inherited all the land round about from their baronial ancestors, as rightful hunting ground, the cunning beast had only left a small hole as entrance to his abode, protecting it by a portcullis of long thorns, and by planting several large thistle-trees on each side of its entrance.

Being Saturday morning, there was great washing going on inside the hut; not of clothes, but of children, which accounts for the shrill squeaks and screams that were heard outside, and which had probably driven the phlegmatic lord of the manor out-of-doors.

Mrs. Hedgehog was a resolute woman, and when she had a thing to do, she did it with all her might. Having resolved upon thoroughly cleaning her young ones once a week, she did it well, and fixed upon Saturday, because she wanted to do all her scrubbing on one day. Early in the morning the young brood saw, with terror, the huge cabbage-leaf dragged into the room, and filled to the brim with water, and a big oyster-shell, full of white sand, placed beside it. Seizing the eldest child by the ear, the mother put him between her knees, and, with a handful of nettle-leaves, dipped in sand, began her operations

with such a will, that, not unfrequently, dirt and skin disappeared together.

This general wash finished, and the little victims of cleanliness huddled around the fire, getting dry, Mrs. Hedgehog went bustling about, preparing breakfast.

"Hoggie, Hoggie, breakfast is ready," soon cried Mrs. Hedgehog; and calling her children, she tied on their bibs.

"Good, Hedgy!" granted the portly father, entering the door. "Breakfast ready, children washed, house clean and cozy! Come, thou comfort of my heart, and kiss me."

"Oh fiddlesticks! go and eat your fried worms while they are hot," replied the practical wife, placing the food on the table.

"Ah! delicious, delicious!" cried the husband; "where and when did you catch this fat game?"

"Don't you know it's the early bird that catches the worm?" said the wife. "While you lay dreaming about worms, I got up and caught them."

After the fried game was dispatched, Mr. Hedgehog arose and said,—"I ought to go to the cabbage field and see whether the plants need hoeing. I'll be back to dinner. Hodgepodgy" (that was his eldest boy's name), go fill my pipe; and, Grudgepodgy" (his youngest boy), "you get my boots."

In their joyful obedience they stumbled over each other several times, spilling the tobacco, and dropping the boots. After leisurely waddling a short distance, the housefather arrived in sight of his field, and who should he see there but the young aristocrat, Lord Hare.

"*Bon serviteur*" (obedient servant), cried Hedgehog, rapidly advancing; "to what am I indebted for your lordship's early call?"

"That honor you're indebted to my legs for,

which brought me here. I came to buy some of your cabbages."

"How incautious of your lordship to expose yourself to such great danger. This is the hunting ground of the dogs, and your old enemies would kill you, were they but to scent you out."

This was said because Hedgehog knew that the Hare's mode of buying was simply — taking.

"It might be dangerous for you," retorted the Hare, "but my runners defy capture."

"Never pride yourself upon earthly things; they are a deception and a snare. Now I don't pride myself upon the swiftness of my legs, but I think I can run a race, and beat you at any time."

"What a joke!" cried the Hare, holding his sides for laughter. "Will you venture upon a race-course the length of your nose?"

"Softly, softly, my dear sir. I will bet as high as you can wish, that I will beat you in a running race, and let the distance be from here to the other end of my field, — yonder, where the thistle-trees are growing."

"Be it so," said the Hare, contemptuously. "If I lose, you shall win a ducat and a bottle of rare champagne."

"I have neither ducats nor champagne; but if I lose, I will give you my eldest son to be your servant for five years."

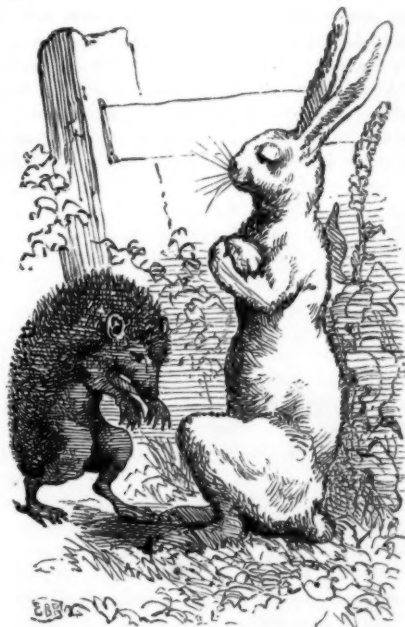
"All right, my good fellow. I promise to be a good master to your boy. And now, let us start."

"Not yet, my good lord; the business of this world must not be done in haste, but requires preparation. I must go home first, and rest myself, be rubbed, and greased too; then I will return, and await your pleasure. Let us meet here at twelve o'clock, and start when the village bell gives the last stroke of noon."

"Very well," said the Hare. "I certainly believe you will need all these preparations, and many more, to out-race me. Meanwhile, by way of preparation, I will run a mile or so. Adieu, Hoggy." And off he strutted, delighted with the prospect of having a *valet de chambre*, for the Hare was poor, and had to do much of his own work. He thought, too, that this race must be planned after all, that the poor Hedgehog family might get so fine a place for their son and heir. To be a lord's servant, surely was a good matter for such plebeian people.

"I'll catch you, you thief; too poor to buy, too proud to work. Perhaps you think I would consider it an honor to have my son grow up under your lordly tuition, and that your teeth honor

us by chewing our cabbages. But I'll catch you, and so get pay for once." Thus soliloquized the Hedgehog, as he plodded homeward. "Hedgy," he said to his wife, after a short rest in his easy-chair, "go and dress yourself so as to look exactly as I do."



"Are you crazy, Hoggy? What is the matter?"

"Go do as I tell you; I am going to race with Lord Hare."

Mrs. Hedgehog jumped up, threw her arms wildly about, thereby dropping the bowlful of snails that she was preparing for dinner, and shrieked, — "You run a race with the Hare, — that dancing-master! O you pudding-bag, where have your senses gone?"

"Foolish woman, believe in the wisdom of your lord; go get yourself ready. I promise you that we shall sup on champagne, and I will adorn your neck with a golden ducat, for those are the stakes Lord Hare has put up."

"And yours?"

"Why, if I lose, which is impossible if you play your part well, our Hodgepodge will have to serve Lord Hare for five years."

"O heartless father! So you have sold our boy to an unprincipled aristocrat? Come here, my darling! your mother will defend your lib-

erty with her life, as long as these nails and arms are hers." And clutching the frightened Hodgepodge in her arms, she wept aloud.

"Why don't you keep cool, instead of taking on in that fashion? I tell you it all depends upon you, whether you lose your son, or win gold and wine. Sit down by me, now, and listen. As soon as you are dressed so as to look like me, you must hasten to the north end of our field, and hide under the thistle-trees that stand at the end of the sixth furrow; listen there for the village clock's last stroke of twelve; that is the signal for our start. I run in the sixth fur-



row, Lord Hare in the seventh. I shall not run, but dodge around at the outset, and hide under the cabbages. The moment Lord Hare arrives at the end of his furrow, raise yourself on your hind legs, and cry, 'I am here,' in as loud and deep a voice as you can."

"O you rogue! and don't you fear he will find out your trick?"

"One Hedgehog looks exactly like another," he calmly replied; "go get yourself ready."

All in a tremble, the poor wife said farewell to her children, and, after a short toilet, started off for the north end of their field. Soon after, Hedgehog also trotted off with Hodgepodge.

The Hare was already on the spot, strutting up and down with the look of a victor. "So you are here at last," he shouted to Hedgehog, "and this is my little servant," he added, lifting Hodgepodge's snout with his dainty paw. With a jerk and a squeak, the urchin slipped behind his father.

"The first stroke of twelve," said Hedgehog. "Ready! position!"

Each stood in their furrow, and Bumm! sounded the last stroke of twelve. The Hedgehog made a grand display of arms and legs, and then quietly wheeled under the cabbages. The Hare was off like a flash. Judge of the swift-footed Hare's surprise, when, on his arrival at the goal, he saw the Hedgehog already there, and heard him roaring out, "I am here."

"The mischief you are!" grunted the Hare; "then, quick, back again. One, two, three,"—and off he jumped, while Mrs. Hedgehog crept under the thistles, and Mr. Hedgehog laughed under the cabbages, where he had heard the whole conversation.

"I am here," said the same snout and the same voice, when our panting Hare returned to his starting-place.

"This cannot be; it must be a mistake," said the indignant Hare. "But, let us try again."

"Very well," said Hedgehog. "One, two, three."

"I am here," again met the ears of the bewildered Hare, on his second arrival at the north end.

"Then, back again," groaned the poor Hare; and without waiting a second, he dashed off at a wonderful rate, his little body fairly flying. But, alas! 't was all in vain; the same terrible "I am here," greeted him, ere he reached the goal.

"Oh, burning shame!" he gasped; "I shall never outlive this mortification. Dear friend! give me one more trial, and if I fail, you shall take all my property, and I will become an exile forever from my native land."

"Very well; I will be magnanimous, although you have clearly lost the race. Try, then, once more," replied the hypocrite.

And again the poor Hare started. Had he but looked back, he could have seen father and son turning somersaults in the middle of the furrow. But, as it was, the Hare ran on with all his might; but when half way to the goal, his breath gave out; he leaped, staggered, and fell down dead. His heart was broken right in two. Now the Hedgehogs came running to the

Hare, full of sorrow, and they tried every thing they could to revive him; they rubbed him, breathed upon him, but all in vain; dead remains dead.

Then they carried the body home, and got a coffin made for it, and brought it back to the spot where the Hare had died, so valiantly fighting for his fame. And in the course of time, the Hedgehog, after much head scratching and severe thought, wrote the following epitaph, which was wrought in marble by a human friend, for him:—

"Here lies Lord Hare the proud,
Wrapt in his furry shroud.
Weep, children, weep!
Weep softly, weep not loud!
Bravely strove the haughty Hare
To catch poor Hedgehog in a snare.
Weep, children, weep!

Weep softly, and take care!
He thought to beat with easy grace,
The cunning Hedgehog in a race.
Weep, children, weep!
Weep at this doleful place.
Alas! in sorrow ends the joke,
For, in the race the Hare's heart broke!
Weep, children, weep!
The Hare died in a leap!

But to go back to the evening of that eventful day when the Hare was beaten. There was great jollification at the Hedgehogs'. The cunning father cut a hole in the ducat, and put it on a chain that the children made of dandelion blossoms; and then with great solemnity the husband decorated the neck of the wife. They drank and danced until there was no more to drink, and their feet were tired, and then they slept as though they had been righteous.

PIERRE RAVENAL.

BY ALICE CARY.

AMONG the rocks and glaciers,
Where the summer never came,
There lived, one time, a hunter, —
Pierre Ravenal by name.
He had a hut in the mountain,
And a little, red-cheeked wife,
But to chase and kill the chamois
Was the pleasure of his life.

And he did not love his fireside,
Nor love the milk of his goats,
Nor love his cloak of camel-cloth,
As he loved their silken coats.
His eye was all undazzled
By the plume of the rarest bird,
If he happened to cross in the snow-fields
The trail of a chamois herd.

One day, when over the glacier
The wind blew bitter and chill,
Pierre Ravenal shouldered his carbine,
And tramped away with a will.
And the good little wife by the chimney,
She carded her flaxen wisp,
And left the quarter of rabbit
To broil on the coals to a crisp.

Ah! what was the blazing fagot,
And what was the savory meat,
When Pierre, her hunter and husband,
Was off in the freezing sleet!

But he loved to chase the chamois
As well as he loved his life,
Nor ever dreamed of the trouble
In the heart of the good little wife.

So, while she sat by the chimney,
And carded a shirt for her Pierre,
He laughed to himself, and shouted,
For the grandest luck of the year.
He had chased a herd of chamois
Up, up through the jagged blocks,
To the ledge where they fell sheer downward,
Four hundred feet of rocks!

When all at once, beside him,
A dwarf, with a hand of ice,
Stood close, and clutched and held him,
As if with an iron vice.
Oh, never was seen a monster
So black, and of shape so ill;
And the tones of his speech, they grated
Like stones that are crunched in a mill.

And his beard, it shook and rattled,
Like withered reeds in a storm,
As he held poor Pierre, head foremost,
By all the length of his arm;
And backward and forward swung him,
With his ugly face in a frown,
As if he were ready to dash him
Four hundred feet sheer down.

"I've caught you killing my chamois!"

He cried, "as I knew I should;
And you, for the sake of justice,
Shall give back blood for blood!"

"Have mercy, O have mercy!
Good king of the dwarfs," cried Pierre,
"For the sake of my starving children, —
For the sake of my wife, so dear!"

"They are faint with cold and hunger,
In our poor hut under the snow, —
Good king of the dwarfs, have mercy,
And for love's sake, let me go!"
And the heart of the monster softened
When he heard the piteous call,
And he dragged the hunter in across
The jagged top of the wall.

"Go back!" he said, as he crushed him
All up in his arm, like a sheaf,
"Go back to your hut, but I tell you,
You are none the less a thief!"
And then the dwarf, still growling,
Dropt down upon his knees,
And digged from under the snow-cakes
A golden-rinded cheese.

"Take this to your wife and children,
And by my kingly grace,
Whenever they eat a mouthful,
Another shall come in its place.
But only just so long," he said,
"As you hold your honor good;
For if I catch you here again,
I will have back blood for blood!"

Then Pierre took up his carbine,
Saying "Stand our bargain so!"
And buttoned the cheese beneath his coat,
And tramped across the snow.
And seven long years together,
His good little wife and he
Lived in their hut by the mountain side,
As happy as they could be.

And still, as they eat their supper
Of cheese, and went to bed,
The golden rind grew whole again,
The same as the dwarf had said.

And what with the cup of goat's milk,
And the Alpine flower or two
Sold now and then to a traveller,
They were well enough to do.

But the little wife had all the while
A thorn in her bosom hid,
For Pierre would keep his carbine bright,
Whatever else he did.
"To scour the lock so often,
It is a foolish thing to do!"
She would say, because in secret
She feared the worst was true.

One day as by the chimney
She sat at her wheel and sung,
With her face away from the rafter
Where the polished carbine hung,
Pierre Ravenal slipt it lightly
From off the beam so low,
And with it slung on his shoulder
Went tramping through the snow.

And when a herd of chamois
Before him leapt and ran,
He straight forgot the bargain
With the dwarfish little man,
And scurried over the snow-fields,
And up and up the blocks
Of steel-blue ice, till he stood again
By the awful wall of rocks.

Then, all at once, the monster,
With a hand so strong and brown,
Doubled him up, and dashed him
Four hundred feet sheer down!
And still about the ink-black pool,
Where he lost his life that day,
You may see him spinning round and round,
Like the wheel of his wife, they say.

And she, poor soul, when she missed him,
Snapt straight her song in twain,
And never in all her life-time
Could join it on again.
For she knew when she brought her cheese-cake
To end her week of fast,
By the golden rind still broken,
That her fears were true at last.



CROQUET AT MIDNIGHT; OR, THE WONDERFUL SECRET.

In the matter of croquet, May Rutherford and her Cousin Charley are mad as the March hares of Wonderland. When once they have mallets in their hands, they can't tell whether it rains or shines, — they hardly know whether it is daylight or dark. They stare in blank surprise at any one who proposes another form of amusement; if you tell them the ground is wet, after a heavy shower, their look of astonishment is absolutely wild; and if they are called from their game at noon, on account of the scorching sunshine, they protest, with blazing faces, that it is "just as cool out-doors as cool can be."

This last-named trial came to them so frequently during the past vacation, that they formed a desperate resolution. Since they could not play enough in the day-time, they would, just for once, get up in the middle of the night, slyly dress themselves, steal out of the house, and have a grand, silent game, out on the lawn, by moonlight. It was not very easy to do all this; for May slept in a small bed in her governess's room, and Charley (who was spending the month of August with her) slept in a back chamber in the storey overhead; and the stairs leading down from it had a bad way of creaking, especially when one was extra careful.

Again, May is a conscientious little creature. She knew very well that if she were to ask permission to do such a thing as this, she would only be laughed at for her pains, — so asking was not to be thought of. On the other hand, she assured Charley that much as she would delight in a "splendid, romantic, croquet adventure" by moonlight, she "would n't do such a thing for the world" if she "thought mother would really object."

So, on a certain day — during which the two conspirators had held many a secret consultation, and May several times had nearly spoiled the whole thing by crying out, — "O Charley! shall we have to take our shoes down in our hands?" or, "O Charley! you must be *dreadful* careful of those creaky stairs!" the little girl undertook to sound her mother on what grown persons would call "the moral bearings of the case."

"Mama!" she said, when the family were all seated on the piazza just before supper, "would you like to go out on the lawn by moonlight? Not to-night, I don't mean," she added, hastily, "but any night."

"Of course I would, dear," was the reply "You know papa and I do that often."

"Yes, but I mean, to play a" —

Charley coughed violently.

"I mean," faltered May, "to — to walk all over it, you know, — not just after we children go to sleep, — but way, way into the night, when every body in the world is abed."

"There's no such time, May. Don't you know, when it's night on one half of the globe, it's day on the other?"

"Now mama, *don't* make fun; just please don't. I mean, when all the Americans in the world, this half of the world, are sound asleep, and all the lights are out: would you like to go *then*?"

"I might, dear," answered her mother, rather puzzled.

"And it would n't be wrong, either; would it, mama? Because you could n't take cold in such awful warm" —

"O May!"

—"such *very* warm weather as this; and besides, you'd be a real coward if you was afraid" —

"*Were* afraid, May."

"Yes'm; were afraid. Would n't you, mama?"

"Certainly, my child," said her mother, laughing.

"Anyhow," persisted May, immensely relieved, "it would n't be wrong for you, nor any body else, to do it. I don't mean this summer; but next summer, or the summer after that."

"Oh no! (Charley, dear, if you'd take a lump of sugar, it would stop that cough.) But I'm not sure that I shall ever try the experiment, May."

"Do you contemplate taking a moonlight journey, little woman?" put in papa, at this point.

May stared, and felt that all was over. But at that instant the supper-bell rang; and papa, catching up the baby, that he might give his chubby highness a shoulder-ride to the supper-room, quite forgot that he had asked a question.

"You're the biggest little goose I ever saw," whispered the indignant Charley into May's ear, as they left the piazza, and followed the rest through the pleasant hall.

"Anyhow, I found out there was n't any harm in our doing it," was her meek reply.

"Umph!" grunted Charley. But in less than ten minutes they were the best friends in the world.

That night May undressed as usual, and went to bed. Soon the governess came up; after lighting a candle, she drew a little table toward the window, opened a yellow desk upon it, and commenced to write.

Next she folded the paper, put it into an envelope, directed and sealed it; then commenced writing again.

"Dear, dear!" moaned May, inwardly, "she's going to write letters all night; what in the world shall I do?"

Scratch, scratch! went the governess's pen; tick, tick! went the clock on the mantel-piece, and tchir-r, tchir-r! went the crickets out on the lawn. It looked rather dark outside of the curtained window; and, altogether, May, being tired of lying awake so long, began to wish, drowsily, that she and Charley had planned to have their frolic on some other night than this.

Suddenly she opened her eyes, and sat up in bed. The candle was out; but far up in the sky a great light was burning. It was the moon, full and round. Its brightness lay on the softly swinging white curtain, and poured through the open window into the room. The pen was scratching no more; but the ticking clock within, and the tchirring crickets without, had evidently become sociable, and were talking all at once after the manner of certain sociable people. She could see the governess's face quite distinctly. That lady evidently was in a deep slumber.

"Why, I must have been asleep, myself!" thought May; and then she began to listen.

Listening, she heard what, somehow, she felt to have been the cause of her waking. The stairs were creaking! creaking very, very faintly, and at intervals; but May, with a beating heart, and trembling lest she should waken the governess, began cautiously to put on her stockings and shoes.

"Oh no; not my shoes," she remembered. "I must carry them down in my hand. Now for my clothes."

In her haste, she managed to get her head fairly entangled in the skirt of her dress.

"Oh!" she thought, while hurriedly striving to extricate herself, "how awful it would be if I was to feel a great pair of arms, outside, holding fast to my head!" the horror of this bit of fancy brought her dress to its place in a twinkling. "No use in washing, or fixing my hair: that's one good thing. Dear me! how dreadful Miss Green looks with her mouth open in that way; what big slippers; they're fixed just as if they were ready

to walk. Oh, would n't it be awful to see them start off all by themselves!" and May, frightened out of further meditation, gave an electric leap toward the door.

The creaking had stopped long ago. When May stepped into the hall, she almost screeched at seeing Charley standing there in the faint light, with his shoes in one hand and his hat in the other. He motioned to her silently, and they softly descended the stairs together. It was not very dark, for the library door was open, and the moonlight found its way into the hall; but there was a strange feeling in the air.

"Dear me!" said May, under her breath. "I feel like a robber or a murderer; don't you, Charley?"

"Hush!" gently whispered the young escort.

Such a time as they had unlocking the back-door! First, the key was not in the lock; then, in groping for it, they knocked it off of the little peg where it hung. Fortunately, it fell on the door-mat; and so, when it landed, did n't sound as much like a pistol as May fancied it did. Then, when the unlocking process had been slowly and painfully performed, the door stuck fast; and when it *did* yield to their combined pulling, it opened so suddenly, that it almost threw them down.

Finally, they stepped out, free as air, into the clear, bright moonlight. The croquet field was hidden from sight, at first, by the trees and shrubbery; but this made matters all the better.

"How very shiny and cool every thing is!" whispered May, in an awe-stricken tone, as they sat down on a mound to put on their shoes.

Charley nodded without replying.

In a moment the children were moving stealthily across the lawn.

"Don't the evergreens look black?" whispered May.

Charley replied with a subdued "Hush!" and an upward and backward glance at the window.

"No use in being so awful careful, *now*," persisted May, still under her breath.

"Hush! will you?" retorted Charley, in a voice loud with impatience, yet soft in actual sound.

The fact is, the young man had heard something. As they crept cautiously toward the croquet ground, his quick ear had caught a faint noise as of the clicking of wooden balls.

"What's that?" whispered May, pinching Charley's arm.

"What's *what*?" returned the hypocritical Charley, trembling.

"Why, don't you hear it? Hark — now! *There's somebody playing croquet!*"

"Nonsense!" shuddered Charley, half hoping that his cousin would refuse to go on. "You're not going to give up for that, are you?"

"No indeed!" whispered May, stoutly; but in a moment she added, "Oh, I heard it again! Let's go back to the house."

"You go back alone," muttered Charles the Bold, in a low voice. "I think I'll go round by the big oak, and see what's up."

"Well, let's!" was May's unexpected reply, as she took a firmer clutch of her cousin's arm, and moved on with him toward the mysterious sounds. Charley (who, after all, was only twelve years old) had not calculated upon this. He had rather relied upon being forced to go back with May. But there was no help for him now. He must carry out his original sham plan of going to see "what was up."

The clicking of the croquet balls grew more

distinct. Still the children crept cautiously on. They could see the turning stake now: it shone like a slice of rainbow against the green grass; next a white wicket or two came in sight; then nearly the whole field, — and there was nobody there!

Charley and May took a cautious survey from behind the bushes.

Still the strange clicking of the balls.

May felt faint. In a moment she whispered more softly than ever, — "Ghosts would n't ever think of such a thing as playing croquet — would they, Charley?"

Charley gave a jump, and glared at her, but shook his head "No."

Suddenly a ball rolled past them.

"Mercy! Good for gracious!" screeched May, startled out of all precaution.

Charley was no less startled; but he managed to gasp out, — "Do be quiet, May! Maybe it's the kitten, or something."

[To be concluded in our next.]

A YEAR AMONG THE INDIANS.

BY MARTHA M. THOMAS.

CHAPTER III.

"If I must make a martyr of myself to the Indian cause," said Henry, a few evenings after the last conversation, "the sooner I begin the sooner it will be over, so I am ready."

So were his listeners. The elders of the family had gone out, and they were left to spend the evening together.

"Tell us about the animals," said Robert.

"The wandering tribes depend almost altogether upon the buffalo for food and clothing. This animal is quite as necessary to them as the reindeer is said to be to the Laplander."

"The Laplander uses the reindeer as a horse, as a beast of burden; but I never heard of the Indians harnessing a buffalo," remarked Charles.

"Nor I either, but they depend upon it for meat; its skin is used to make their lodges, beds, and clothing; the vessels in which they carry their water are made from its stomach; its tendons, sinews, and intestines furnish them thread and cordage, and are put to various other purposes by the women, and a trade is also carried on with the prepared skins, which

we call buffalo-robes, and which bring a high price. An unsuccessful buffalo hunt often brings famine on a whole tribe, and sometimes compels them to kill their dogs, and even their horses, to live upon their flesh."

"In this they only follow the fashion of the French and Chinese," said Charles. "I read, not long since, of one of the great men of France giving a dinner, and all the meat served was horse flesh, dressed in various ways. I remember how I used to gaze at the picture in the geography of a Chinese, with a stick across his shoulder, from which dangled skinned rats and puppies."

"Mr. Grey, you know, Charles," said Robert, "told us it was only the poorer class of the Chinese who ate these animals. Do you remember the rat supper father told us he partook of once? A gentleman, who considered our abhorrence of the rat as food to be only a prejudice of education, procured some, and, keeping them in a cage, fattened them nicely, then invited his friends to a squirrel or rabbit supper, at which the rats were served. The party having eaten heartily of the

unclean animal, he informed them of what they had made their meal."

"I should not have liked that!" they all exclaimed.

"They did not either. But tell us how the Indians hunt the buffalo?"

"Sometimes on horseback with bow and arrow, and again by lying in wait near a place where the animal comes for water, or by crawling silently and warily upon a herd when grazing, and shooting them."

"What is the reason some buffaloes are represented so much smaller than others, and with so much smaller humps?" asked Robert.

"The smaller animals are the females. They are awkward, heavy beasts, and have short, black

seem almost as though the earth shook under them."

"Did you see any white buffaloes?"

"No; Col. Joyce told me they were not white, but of a sort of clayey yellow color; they are very rare, and are highly prized by the Indians."

"I suppose they worship them, as the Siamese do the white elephant," remarked Robert.

"No, they do not; it is only the skin of the white buffalo the Indian values, I believe."

"Is the meat really good?"

"Excellent, particularly the tongue. Dried buffalo tongue, like dried beef tongue, is considered a luxurious article of food."

"Are they not getting scarce?"

"They are going further and further West, and

as the country becomes settled they disappear; but from the number I saw, I should think there was no danger of their soon becoming extinct. Sometimes in the winter the Indians miss their trail; cannot find them: then they almost starve. A party of Snakes came into our camp who had been out hunting and had seen no buffalo; they were the most emaciated people I ever saw, and ravenous; we could hardly get enough for them to eat. You know one animal in the wilderness never takes the track or trail of another; every species has its distinct trail."

"How do they hunt them on horseback?" asked Robert.

"They fix upon a spot to which to drive them,

some of the best hunters stationing themselves there; others surround the herd at a distance, and ride slowly and deliberately towards them so as not to alarm them, and when sufficiently near, dash among them. Frantic with fright, they run before their assailants into the trap which has been prepared for them, and are shot down by the hunters waiting there. When out alone, or two or three together, they drop to the earth, and crawling on their hands and knees, slowly and cautiously approach the herd, until near enough to fire. Alarmed by the discharge of the gun, the animals scamper off, leaving their



horns; are of a brownish, black color, with long, woolly hair on the head and neck, something like a horse's mane. When alarmed, they run with their tongues hanging from their mouths, and toss their heads, which mats and tangles the hair on the neck and head, and gives them a formidable appearance; the noise of a herd moving is like rumbling thunder.

"They are shy, easily alarmed; one buffalo, if frightened, will set a whole troop in motion. I have seen hundreds of them on the prairies quietly grazing, when suddenly they would start, toss their manes, and bellow, and it would

wounded companions to their fate; then commences the real struggle between the buffalo and the savage, for the wounded and enraged animal fights fearfully, and the Indian has need of all his skill and cunning to kill his prey and get away with his own life. They also fasten themselves in buffalo skins, and thus disguised can get near enough to fire upon the animal they have selected before they are discovered. The cow is fiercer than the male, and will fight to the death in defense of her young.

"One morning in the winter there was a great hue and cry; a herd of buffaloes had been discovered going in the direction of the river. All who could handle a weapon sallied forth in pursuit. Our appearance alarmed the animals, who had gone down to drink; they rushed and huddled in a mass. The ice, which extended far out into the river, gave way and moved off in shoals, taking the buffaloes on it. Some fell into the water; others struggled for the shore, where the Indians awaited them and made great havoc among them, having them at an advantage. One party followed the ice some distance, and returned laden with spoil. In winter the buffalo is thin and weaker than in summer, when he has a fine pasturage, and he is, therefore, not so formidable in the cold season.

"One immense bull was alone on a cake of ice, which had broken loose and was slowly moving down the river. The Panther determined to have him. Keeping along the shore, he saw a place where the cake must be stopped; here he hid himself and waited. Reaching the spot, the buffalo began to make for the shore; but taking deliberate aim, the Panther brought him down. It was the largest buffalo I ever saw."

"Do they shoot the beaver?"

"No, they trap it, baiting the trap with that the animal most likes. It is wary and hard to catch, often giving the hunter much trouble and long hours of watching."

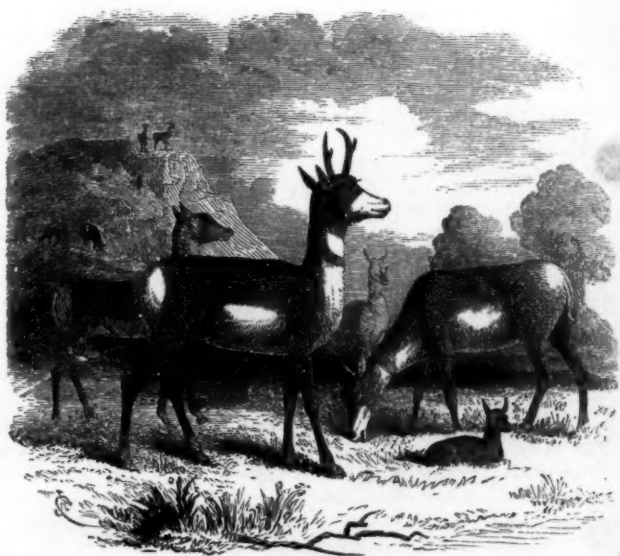
"What of the prairie dogs?"

"They are about a foot long, with tails about

one third the length of their bodies; are of a brown color, and give a little, quick, sharp bark; are full of quips and quirks, playful as kittens, if you see them when not alarmed; but when frightened they retreat to their holes, and are as quiet as mice. We came upon a settlement of them one evening on an arid, dry prairie; hundreds of them appeared to be out taking the air; as we approached they retreated to their burrows, and sat at the openings yelping at us; but the Indian lads yelped, hooted, and made so much noise, that they disappeared under ground, and we saw no more of them."

"Do they have regular town streets laid off, as I have heard?"

"No, but they make their burrows together;



the earth is thrown up in little mounds: in this settlement there must have been some five hundred. They look very funny when sitting upright on their hind legs, in groups. They do not eat meat like other dogs, but live on grass."

"Do the Indians have many dogs?"

"Yes, any quantity; they are always yelping about. Some tribes consider dog flesh a delicacy, and serve it at their feasts; others use them as beasts of burden; it is only as a last resort, when food fails, that they are killed to eat by most tribes."

"Are they not fond of dogs?" Robert stroked the great Newfoundland lying at his feet.

"Yes; and they kick and cuff them on all occasions, but, for all that, value them highly. A dog is considered a very acceptable sacrifice to the Great Spirit, and so in a measure is sacred; indeed, there is scarcely any thing an Indian has more regard for, and nothing he abuses so thoroughly."

"Was there much game?"

"Plenty of it after we began to get into the region of the Black Hills; hares, much larger than any in New England, deer, and elk. I saw a herd of elks; their antlers clattered as they paced slowly along; when startled they broke into a run, the air resounding with the noise they made as they crashed among the trees."



"How grand!" Robert arose and walked about. As Harry continued, he seated himself again.

"Indeed, it was. The White Wolf would calmly aim at them and bring them down."

"Did you see any of the Rocky Mountain sheep?"

"The ahsahta, or bighorn, as the Indians call it? Yes, and eat it too, and good eating it is. Its body is like that of a deer, and it has hair of a brownish color; its great, twisted horns stand up sometimes a yard from its sheep-like head.

It lives on the highest peaks of the mountains, and is very hard to hunt, as, notwithstanding its great horns, it is very agile and expert at climbing and jumping from crag to crag."

"I thought that woolly sheep we saw at the menagerie was the Rocky Mountain sheep?" said Robert.

"Did it have short, shiny, black horns?"

"Yes."

"That is another species, which is found in the valleys. I saw many of the bighorns at a distance, when near the mountains, and one that had just been killed by White Plume; but was never near a live one. The Indians had many of their horns."

"Did you always find plenty of water?"

"We were often days without seeing a stream or spring when in the flat prairie country; then we carried water with us in jugs or skins, made from the stomach of the buffalo; some of them carried it in their kettles. So we journeyed from day to day, living on game when we could get it. The prairie hen is delicious. We had fish from the rivers, when near them; wild geese and ducks; and, when these failed, fell back upon dried buffalo meat, which, I must say, is rather hard on the teeth."

"Did you kill any thing?"

"Only some of the smaller game. Once or twice we had fine sport hunting a wolf; the first I had a chance at, Matchiée and I brought in as a trophy. I was quite proud of the exploit. Matchiée appropriated the skin, and hung it in his lodge as a proof of his prowess. The Rattlesnake had his lodge hung with wolf skins."

"What kind of wolf skins?"

"The white wolf or gray wolf. The Indians tell wonderful stories of their cunning and ingenuity. They are terribly ferocious; we often heard them howling round our encampment; they will kill buffaloes. It was not a prairie wolf that Matchiée and I killed; that is gray in color, but much smaller and more cowardly than the white wolf."

"Were the prairies as beautiful as they are represented to be?" asked Charles.

"Some portions of them were gay with flowers, but most of those we traversed were covered only with coarse grass. Again even this grass would fail. Sometimes we journeyed for a day over a barren prairie, to reach at evening a little spot covered with grass and having a few scattered trees; here we would pitch our tents. We did not take the usual route to the Rocky Mountains, you must remember."

"Did you see any beaver dams, Harry?" eagerly questioned his brother John, who had lately become interested in these little animals.

"Plenty of them, and often caught sight of the beavers, but it is only catching sight; they are too cunning to be taken by any but experienced hunters. The Rattlesnake would hide by their dams, and lie motionless for half a day, for a chance to kill one; the Indians value their skins highly. The Tempest, when dressed for great occasions, wore a half dozen of them on his person, their tails dangling like tassels."

"Do they build their dams as people describe?"

"Exactly; and better and stronger ones than the miller had at Willow Branch, to keep the water in. They make a frame-work of sticks and limbs of trees, and plaster it with clay. I saw great stumps of trees they had felled. Their houses are two storeys high, and in them they store their food for winter. I was not at all surprised at the respect the Indians exhibited for them, for, of the two, the beaver showed the most reason. I did not believe what I had read of them, until I saw them. In storing their winter provision, they set out in great companies, cut down the trees, the bark of which is suitable for food, gnaw it into convenient lengths, then convey it to their dams, rejecting it after they have eaten the bark from it. They are very wary, and easily alarmed, diving at the least noise, and keeping under water until all danger is past. The trappers catch them by a trap made of a pole and chain, baited, and secreted under the water; the flesh of the beaver's tail is considered a great luxury."

"What of the antelope?"

"I saw some at a distance; they almost literally fly like the wind; they are very shy, and easily alarmed; it is hardly possible, even on the fleetest horse, to run them down, except when they have young; and as their flesh is not very good, the Indians rarely hunt them. Sometimes they take them by hoisting a piece of red flannel

on a pole, and lying in wait near it; catching sight of the flannel, they will pause in their flight, and cautiously approach until within shot, for they are said to have more curiosity than any other animal, and are easily enticed by a strange object. In size, they are a little larger than a goat, have horns, and are a gray or stone color, and exceedingly graceful and light in all their motions. Their great enemy is the wolf, which attacks them when crossing rivers, for they are bad swimmers."

"Who was the Rattlesnake?"

"One of the warriors. Their names all signified something, and were given them because of some peculiarity of person, manner, or prowess, or from a dream they had. The Rattlesnake was so called from the fact that, when a child, he had been discovered sleeping beside one of these reptiles, unharmed. Col. Joyce was known as White Wolf, from the number of these animals he had killed. There was the Mad Wolf, the Tempest, the Fiery Cloud, the Antelope, Starry Eyes, etc., all names conferred in the same manner. Indian children hardly ever have any names."

"Why did they call you White Fire?"

"The boys christened me. You know they make their fire mostly with flint and steel or iron, or striking two flints together, using dry grass for tinder. One day, in the neighborhood of the Black Hills, I used a match, for father had given me quite a quantity of them, and ignited it by passing it over my pantaloons; one of the braves being near, uttered the exclamation, 'Ugh!' as he saw me do it; but the papooses ran away, and for some time keeping their distance, would stand and point at me, saying, 'White Fire.' After that, when they were disposed to bother me, I had only to get a splinter, and go through the motion of rubbing it over my pantaloons, to see them scamper. Col. Joyce adopted the name, and gradually I became known by it altogether."

"How did Matchiée conduct himself after the whipping you gave him?" said Charles.

"He kept out of my way for some time. One day, however, he approached me with a pipe, which he pointed first east, then west, north, and south, then passed it from his left hand to his right. I knew this diversion, from the usual way of presenting it, meant something, but was at a loss, until a sign from Col. Joyce put me right. It was an overture of reconciliation. I have heard that a tribe at enmity express a desire for peace by sending tobacco and other presents, and declare war with a bundle of arrows tied with a snake skin, but I saw nothing of such proceedings."

"Did Matchiée keep the peace after this?"

"Yes. I told you the braves did not appear to have a very high opinion of his prowess; he had twice broken the fast every young Indian is compelled to make ere he reaches manhood, or makes any pretension to being a brave. They consider endurance the first virtue, and therefore his want of fortitude caused them to sneer; they evidently thought there was some trickery in his having fasted before his initiation into the sacred mysteries."

"Tell us of this fast," said Robert.

"Every youth undergoes it. Generally he goes out in the forest with his friends, who prepare a sort of bed for him; if he is ambitious, it is often made in the top of a tree, or some such uncomfortable place; here he remains for the number of days the custom requires, without food or drink. If his resolution fails, and he partakes of either during the prescribed time, the fast must be abandoned for that year; he returns to his wigwam, and is not allowed to try it again until next season. The dreams and visions he has during this fast, are considered of the utmost importance; he relies entirely upon their interpretation, shaping his future course by them."

"Have they not great faith in dreams?" interrupted Charles.

"Yes. No brave goes contrary to his dream, which he believes a command of the Great Spirit, spoken to him in sleep. An Indian would kill parent, wife, or child, if he should dream the Manitou ordered him to do so."

"Rather an inconvenient way of settling things," said Robert. "Any brave, at any time, might take it into his head to dream he must tomahawk one, and do it too."

"Yes. Col. Joyce considered it a species of insanity with which some of them were visited. He told me of a young brave, the pride of his tribe, who killed the girl he was to marry, in obedience to a vision, scalped her, and wore the scalp as a trophy, on his person. I saw him afterwards, and he was undoubtedly insane."

"Was any thing done with him?"

"No. An Indian has great reverence for an insane person; the vagaries of such are considered as emanating from the Great Spirit."

"How did the country look as you approached the Black Hills?" asked Charles.

"Emerging from the prairies, lines of white cliffs became visible in the distance towards the river, and we fell upon dense copses of undergrowth; continuing on, we shortly came in the neighborhood of the Black Hills, so called from

their dark appearance. After passing an almost dense prairie, we came to the mountains, at this point barren and bleak; but proceeding for ten or fifteen miles, we reached grassy slopes, shaded by magnificent trees, and copses rich with nuts and wild berries. Here we halted and planted our village, for we numbered over a hundred souls.

"There were quantities of small game here, and the peculiar occupation of the Indian lads was to snare these with a snare made from buffalo hide. They captured immense numbers. One lad, called Harefoot, was rewarded for his exploits in this line.

"This lad was a half-breed, and as cunning as a fox; between him and Matchiée there was constant rivalry. Although he was some three or four years younger, they had taken the vow of friendship together, which is scarcely ever broken by Indian with Indian, had exchanged bows and arrows, and always divided their spoil. This latter, I think, was Matchiée's reason for the friendship, for Harefoot was almost always successful, while Matchiée's trophies were few.

"Harefoot was a consummate little villain, shrewder and sharper than Matchiée in every way; he had not yet been admitted to the Great Medicine, and therefore considered it quite an honor to be the sworn friend of one who had been, as it gave him consequence among the other youths. Each tried with all his power to cheat and trick the other.

"Harefoot would steal any thing he could lay his hands on. One day the White Wolf missed an article from his lodge, which he valued; he inquired of me—I had not seen it; he questioned Harefoot—he knew nothing of it, but had seen Matchiée in the White Wolf's lodge. Nothing more was said; but some time after, the White Wolf and I happened to pass a thicket, and saw Harefoot there with the article in question. He did not speak one word to the boy, but strode up to him, and placing himself beside him, gazed at him. You should have seen Harefoot's efforts to evade that look; neither of them spoke; but the lad hung his head, and turned from side to side, trying to get away from that gaze. At last, fascinated, he seemed unable to avoid it longer, but raised his head and met it. As he did so, his face became pale, and his body shivered; and I did not wonder, for I never saw a human face have such an expression. It was not two minutes that the White Wolf held him by his eye; then he calmly walked away; but that night the stolen article was returned to the lodge, and ever after Harefoot avoided the White Wolf, and was un-

easy at his approach. I perfectly understood why the squaws called him 'Evil Eye,' after I had seen that encounter."

"Were they afraid of him?" asked Robert.

"No, only when he was angry; then they were afraid of his eye. Chickasee said his looks struck one like lightning. The old chiefs appeared to like him very much. They always went near him and took a seat to smoke, even when they did not talk; and when he spoke, they listened with satisfaction."

"Did you see his wife?"

"Yes; she joined us at the Black Hills. She was a chief's daughter, and spoke the language of most of the tribes about the country, besides English and Spanish. She often acted as interpreter."

"Was she handsome?"

"No; she was stout and motherly, pleasant looking and clean, which the Indian women are not. In appearance, she was a contrast to him, for to my eye he was a hero in look and deed. She was kind, and, they said, very sensible, and had great influence with the chiefs."

"Did Col. Joyce talk much?"

"Very little — and made no demonstrations; but he was always true, always reliable: he is brave, without any show of it; cool in danger, and can endure much; and those are the highest In-

dian virtues. He wrestled, fenced, and boxed well, and could play many games of chance and hazard, and the doing of those things the Indians hold in high esteem. He boxed with me several times, I believe only to show me off to them. Did I tell you of seeing a snake charm a bird?"

"No, no," was the eager response.

"We were on the edge of a thicket, when I heard a bird's cry of distress, and a fluttering noise. I stepped forward to see what it was, and saw a great black snake twined about a bush, and the bird was flying at its head, pecking, and making half circles in the air, then flying back again, all the time uttering its cry of distress. The Indian boys pelted the snake, and it glided away, the bird following it for some distance with the same cry."

"The Indians said the snake was trying to charm the bird, to kill it, but Col. Joyce said it was a fight between the bird and the snake; that he had often seen such encounters. It was very singular, and brought to mind all the stories I had heard of snakes charming birds, and even men."

"I cannot talk any more to-night; I must study. If you listen so eagerly to what I tell you, I am afraid it will be a temptation for me to invent."

THE STORY OF LITTLE AGATHE.

BY J. C. HEYWOOD.

I.

LITTLE AGATHE lived in a valley with her mother, whom she thought the best and most beautiful woman in the world. But her mother was sick, and one night, as little Agathe was standing by her bedside, just before going to her own little room to sleep, her mama put her arms round, and held her in them a long time without saying a word; only she kissed her a great many times.

Then she said, "Good night! Be good, my darling; be good."

Little Agathe went to her own room, said her prayers, asked to be good for her dear mama's sake, and then got into her little bed and went to sleep.

Her pet bird waked her up the next morning by pecking at her hands. He had come out of his cage, flown about the room, alighted on her

bed, and wanted to play with her. The sun was up, and out-of doors all the birds were singing as loud as they could. But the house, and every thing in-doors, was very still; nobody seemed to be moving. So Agathe jumped up, and started to go to her mother. But as she was going out of her room a kind lady met her, and stooping down, lifted her in her arms, and carrying her back to her own little bed, sat down upon it, placed Agathe on her knee, and kissed her. Then she noticed that there were tears on the kind lady's cheeks, and she asked her what was the matter. But the kind lady did not answer for some time, and then she told little Agathe very gently that — that her mother was dead. The poor child cried very much, and wanted to go and see her dear mama; and when the kind lady brought her to where her mother was lying, pale, and still, and cold, she cried out, "O mama,

mama! do, do speak to me." But her mama never spoke to her any more. She went with the people, and saw them put her in the grave, and then she thought she never could come away and leave her own darling mama there all alone in the cold and lonesome church-yard. She felt as if she would like to die, and be buried with her. But the kind lady brought her away, and little Agathe cried herself to sleep in her arms.

Now she was an orphan, and had no home any more. So she was obliged to go and live with her aunt. This aunt was not a good, kind, beautiful lady, like her own mama, but ugly, and cross, and bad, and little Agathe was very unhappy. Her mother had always taught her to tell the truth, but her aunt wanted her to tell untruths; and when she would not, the bad aunt would scold, and call her names, and sometimes strike her. The kind lady was no longer there, and little Agathe had no one to comfort her.

A fine gentleman came one day and asked her aunt to let him have a room to live in, and she consented; but she made him pay a big sum of money for it. This gentleman had a very beautiful dog called Kalon, that would do all kinds of droll tricks, and his master was very fond of him. The dog soon learned to love little Agathe, as every thing did, except her bad aunt, and used to play with her, and they were very happy together. But one day, when the gentleman was away, a coarse, dirty looking man came along, and asked Agathe's aunt if she would sell the dog. Agathe was about to say that the dog belonged to the gentleman, but her aunt frightened her so by one of her looks that she dared not speak. Then the aunt said she would sell the dog, if any body would give her a large sum of money for him. The man said he would do so, counted out the money, and tied a string around the dog's neck, to lead him away. The poor fellow struggled very hard to get loose from the man, and looked piteously at Agathe, who dared not say a word, but only cried silently. When the man was gone with the dog, her aunt said to little Agathe that she must tell the gentleman that his dog had died in a fit, and the body been thrown into the river.

"But," said Agathe, "that would be telling a lie."

"What if it would?" said her aunt. "Every body lies, and it is time you learned."

"But I cannot tell him so," said Agathe. "Oh I cannot."

"What! you will tell him that I sold his dog, will you?" cried her aunt, looking very savagely at her.

"I cannot tell him a lie," said Agathe.

"Then you cannot stay any longer with me," said the aunt. "Leave my house. Go away, and never let me see you again. Go this minute." And she drove poor little Agathe out of the house, and out of the yard, and slammed to the gate, and locked it.

II.

POOR little Agathe did not know what to do. She could not go to the kind lady, because she was ignorant where to find her, and she had no other friend to help her. She wandered along slowly in the pathway which led to the river, without thinking where she went, and too heavy-hearted even to cry. Then she thought of her dear mama lying alone in the church-yard, and she longed to go there, for it seemed as if it would be a great comfort to lie down by her mother's grave and weep there. So she turned and went in that direction. Her path led her through a grove up a hill. The way was narrow, and the briers, which grew on each side of it, bent together, and scratched her feet and ankles, for her bad aunt would give her no shoes, and she was barefooted. From time to time she sat down on the stones by the wayside, and tried to think what she should do. For she began to be afraid when she thought that she had no home to go to, and no place to sleep when it should be night. At length she reached the top of the hill, and could see far away to the west. It was yet two or three hours before sunset, and there were many beautiful white clouds on the horizon. One of these particularly attracted her attention. She had never seen a cloud so beautiful. "Oh, what a lovely cloud!" she said to herself. "So very droll! Oh, if I could only climb up and get into it, and live there, and fly about all through the sky!" Then she sat down on a stone, which was covered with soft moss, to rest, and watch the cloud. It was like a great, white, irregular castle, with towers, and turrets, and battlements, and buttresses, and bastions, and drawbridges lifted; but it was not all white, for the most beautiful colors added to the splendor of its appearance. And it did not stay still, like the other clouds, but seemed to come towards her. Yes, it really did come towards her, and she watched it with more and more attention. By and by it came very near, and she heard the sweetest music come from it, and could see windows of brilliantly colored glass. Some of them

were open, and she could see the richest flowers, and the most beautiful birds flying about among them. It came still nearer, till it reached the brow of the hill. Then it stopped. A great gate, which shone as if it were all made of precious stones, was opened, and a very beautiful lady came out and descended the steps, which looked as white as marble and as soft as down. Agathe had never seen or dreamed of any thing so lovely as was this lady, who came straight towards her with the most winning smile, so that Agathe did not feel at all afraid. "How do you do?" said the lady to her, and stooped down and kissed her. The lady's beautiful hair was all covered with diamonds, which were not half so bright as her eyes. The most splendid jewels shone upon her neck and arms, and her dress was of the finest lace. Little Agathe returned her caress, for there was something in the Beautiful Lady's appearance and manner which won her confidence at once. "I know you," said the lady, "and I call you one of my children. I am the friend and protectress of all children who tell the truth," and then she kissed little Agathe again.

"Would you like to come and live with me in my castle?" she asked, pointing to the beautiful cloud.

"Oh!" said little Agathe, "I am not fit to live in so fine a place. I am not well dressed, and have no shoes, and my feet are dirty with walking. But I should like ever so much to come and live with you if I could; for I like you, and I have no home now, and nobody to be sorry that I have gone away."

"Never mind the clothes, my dear," said the Beautiful Lady. "I have some that will fit you; and some shoes which I am sure must have been made for your little feet."

So she took little Agathe by the hand, and led her to the steps. And they both went up together, and entered the gate. Then it closed behind them, and the cloud, or castle, for such it was, rose gently from the brow of the hill, and sailed away through the air, while the music sounded louder, more joyous, and sweeter than ever.

III.

At first little Agathe was so filled with wonder and delight, that she could do nothing but stand still and look at the wonderful and dazzling things about her. The Beautiful Lady did not interrupt her for some time. Then she took her by the

hand and led her through the rooms of the castle. There was one which was full of flowers and the loveliest birds, all of which sang very sweetly. Another had the freshest fountains and little cascades, so arranged that the drops of water from them fell on the strings of a great number of instruments, and produced the sweetest music. Another room had swings and rocking-horses, that moved of themselves as if they had been alive; and velocipedes, and jumping ropes, and hoops to trundle, and all sorts of the dearest playthings. In another were the nicest beds all covered with silk, and satin, and gold, which rocked like cradles all of themselves. In another were tables always spread with the daintiest food. Another contained the most beautiful furniture to rest upon, lounges, and divans, and easy chairs, and cushions, and footstools, while the walls were covered with mirrors and the handsomest pictures. Another had all kinds of instructive and interesting books full of exquisite engravings, and bound in the richest bindings, and paper to write and draw on, and pens and pencils. The pens and pencils were so good, that every one who began to use them at once wrote and drew in the best manner. In another were all kinds of musical instruments that little girls like to play upon,—pianos, and harps, and organs, and guitars. And in the centre of the castle, surrounded by all these apartments, was a court, where was a great fountain, which rose so high, that it looked like a tower of solid crystal. The stones of its basin were of real crystal. Sometimes the wind would blow some drops and spray from it over the side of the castle, so that they fell upon the earth, and then the people would look up, and wonder to see rain fall from so fair a cloud,—for they all thought it a cloud, just as little Agathe did when she saw it first. The water of this fountain, when it came down in the court of the castle, flowed away in little brooks through a beautiful garden, and made little tiny lakes and waterfalls, and sounded very sweetly, and made the air very fresh and cool.

In one part of this garden grew all kinds of delicious fruit, some of which was ripe and luscious all the year round; in another part, bushes, with leaves of every fine color, as handsome and fragrant as rose leaves, bore all sorts of sweetmeats, so that those who were there had only to go and gather what they wished. And there was a cool arbor near by, covered with rich vines, whose blossoms gave forth a delightful perfume. In it was a great rock of solid crystal, from the top of which at all times came the freshest and

most delicious ice-creams, of any kind and flavor asked for by any person who was so happy as to go there. And there were shady walks and handsome trees, and more lovely things in the garden than can be described.

While little Agathe was looking through the castle, it was moving all the time through the air, but so gently that she did not perceive any motion, and only when she looked from a window, did she know that the hill, from which they had entered the castle, was now so far off as to be almost out of sight.

After the Beautiful Lady had shown her every thing wonderful, and splendid, and attractive, she told her that she should use every thing as if it were her own, except that she must not look under a big cover that was in the garden, which was ornamented with elegant carvings and splendid jewels; that she would teach her every thing which mortals can know, so that, if she would study, she should be the most learned and wisest of women. And now, as little Agathe was very tired with having walked so far and seen so much, the Beautiful Lady went with her to the most charming little chamber, where was a delightful bath all ready for her, and the nicest little bed, which rocked of itself, like the others they had seen; and, after bidding her a kind good-night, left her. Little Agathe said her prayers, and then undressed, wondering very much all the time what new and delightful thing she should do the next day. Then she bathed, and felt very much refreshed. Then she got into the little bed, which commenced rocking her in the gentlest manner, at the same time making a kind of music like the sweetest lullaby, which very soon lulled her to sleep.

IV.

THE next morning when she waked, little Agathe found the richest and most becoming clothes where she had carefully laid the poor ones she had taken off the night before. The shoes were the prettiest little shoes in the world, and every article was in perfect taste.

When she had dressed herself in these new garments, and looked in the glass to see if they were well put on, she hardly knew herself. The Beautiful Lady received her very kindly, and she soon felt quite at home. She was never tired of learning from her kind friend, and the days passed swiftly. They had been moving gently all the time, and were now approaching the moon. In

fact, they were so near, that they could distinctly see the Man in the moon, who beckoned to them to come and make him a call. And to give his invitation more weight, he tried to smile, but in doing so, made such a queer grimace, that little Agathe laughed outright. He was a very odd looking fellow any way, and, as he did not appear over attractive himself, and as the moon looked cold and bare, little Agathe had no wish to stop there. So she was very glad when she heard the Beautiful Lady answer the invitation — for they were now come near enough to be heard when they called aloud — by telling him that they would not visit him now, but that at some future time they hoped to have the pleasure of coming to see him, to thank him for his courtesy, and look at his grounds.

The old fellow made such a comical face when he heard this answer, that little Agathe laughed again, and was half inclined to like him. Then he called out, — “Your people down there on the earth do not know half so much about us as they think they do. I can see them very often with their long glasses pointed at me, trying to pry into my affairs. And then I laugh heartily, when, by the aid of my big ear-trumpet, I hear your stargazers call the walls of my old house, which was burned some years ago, and the blackened walls left standing, the crater of a volcano. But I shall expect to see you here before long, and you shall have all the moonlight walks you want, and all kinds of parties by moonlight, and I am sure we shall be excellent friends.” And then he smiled again, and made the funniest bow, and little Agathe could not help laughing again; yet this time she was certain that she should like him, and began to be sorry that they were not going to stop. But they had already gone past, and were fast moving out of hearing. She called out right heartily, “Good-by!” and the old fellow kissed his big hand to her, and so they left him.

They continued their way, and went from one planet to another among the stars, and the Beautiful Lady instructed her in regard to them; told her their distances one from another; how big they were; described their different motions, and said a great many curious and interesting things about them. They did not go very near to any one, but only so as to have a good general view of them; and that pleased little Agathe better, because she was so happy that she did not want to go anywhere, or do any thing which would interrupt, for a moment, the pleasure she had from being with her ever kind friend.

V.

LITTLE AGATHE had now been a long time with the Beautiful Lady, moving about among the stars in constant sunshine. She had seen and studied many interesting things, for her desire to learn was great. She had often thought of the big cover in the garden, with its brilliant outside, beneath which the Beautiful Lady had forbidden her to look, and wondered what there could be under it.

They were now travelling through a part of the sky where there were not many stars, and not much to be seen out-of-doors, and little Agathe went into the garden alone to amuse herself. At length she came near the cover. The brilliants upon it were so beautiful that she wondered more than ever what could be beneath them, and why she must not look and see. The more she thought about it the more she wished to know what it was that she must not look upon. She walked all around it at a distance; then walked away among the flowers; then came back and walked around it again a little nearer; then she stopped and made all kind of queer marks on the walk with the toe of her shoe; then she looked up at the great, pure, sparkling fountain, thinking all the time of the cover, and wishing that she might lift it.

After hesitating a long time she ventured to examine it more closely. She approached cautiously, and, after taking a long look, determined to raise it. Her heart was up in her throat and almost choked her, for she knew she was doing wrong, and she trembled very much. She bent down, took hold of the cover, lifted it, and, extending her head over the edge, looked down into the opening. At first she saw nothing but muddy water which was stagnant; then it began to be troubled and boil; and a huge, dark monster came up from it. Little Agathe started back very much terrified, and the monster came right out of the water and followed her. She ran away to hide, but he came silently after her, and stood always just behind her with his ugly head and huge paws, which were something like fins armed with long claws, stretched over her. And he kept her all the time in his shadow so that she began to feel a kind of chill. She did not dare to cry out, nor call the Beautiful Lady to her, lest she should know at once what had been done, and she felt as if she should die from terror. She saw nothing but some part or other of the ugly thing, which seemed to extend itself all about her. She hurried as well as she could, to her little chamber; but he followed her there;

and all through the long night she felt that he was near, and could not sleep, nor hardly breathe, for fear; and, when it was light the next morning, there he was close by her. She got up and dressed herself, as it was necessary now for her to meet the Beautiful Lady. She felt sure that her good friend would know her guilt at once, because she would see the monster which never left her for a moment. But, to her great surprise and relief, the frightful creature did not follow her to the lady's presence, where she was received in the usual kind manner. Then the lady asked her what she had done after she left her the day before, and why she had gone to bed without coming to bid her good night. For a moment little Agathe was tempted to withhold the truth, and, perhaps, to say what was untrue. But it was only for a moment, and then she told the Beautiful Lady all; how she had looked under the cover, how she had been in constant terror from the monster, and how sorry she was for her disobedience. And she shed many bitter tears.

The lady listened to her very gravely. Then, taking little Agathe in her arms, and kissing her, she said, "You have done right to tell me the truth; and because you have told me the truth I forgive you. Had you denied what you had done, or invented a falsehood to conceal it, the monster would at once have appeared here, seized you, woven a noisome web about you, and held you a miserable captive. Now you need fear him no more: for the moment he heard you tell me the truth he slunk away, and is now imprisoned again in his filthy den."

Little Agathe, free and happy once more, thought the kind and Beautiful Lady never so beautiful and kind as now.

VI.

TIME passed quickly. They had now travelled a very great distance, and little Agathe had learned much about the planets and fixed stars, and the air and the clouds. But this was not all. For she had studied many books, and the Beautiful Lady was the best teacher in the world. Little Agathe had learned music, so that she could play on the piano and harp, and sing charmingly. She could draw and paint, and speak many languages. What was still better, she could read all the best books, in whatever tongue they were written. She was no more little, but a young lady, very beautiful, and the gentlest, wisest, and the most amiable in the world.

One day the Beautiful Lady took her by the

hand, and led her to a seat in the arbor. Then she said to her, "You have now been with me a long time, and have resisted all temptations to say what was not true. You have been industrious, studious, cheerful, modest, obliging, and affectionate. As a reward for what you have done, I have something to tell you, and something for you to do." Agathe listened with great interest.

"You, doubtless, remember," continued the lady, "the beautiful dog Kalon, which was sold by your bad aunt."

"Oh yes," said Agathe, "poor fellow! I have thought of him many times."

"He was no dog, but a handsome young prince," said the lady. Agathe was so much surprised that she could not say a word.

"His father was the gentleman who came to your aunt with him. He was, and is the king of a great country. But his son, the youthful prince, was much given to telling falsehoods. And one day, having told a mischievous lie to a powerful sorceress, who appeared to him in the form of an old woman, she revenged herself by turning him into the form of a dog. Then his father, to hide his mortification and grief, went away from his kingdom without letting any body know where he was going, and came to your aunt to live with his son, till he should find means to have him restored to his own proper shape. Now this could be done only by a young lady who should have reached the age of sixteen years without ever having told a falsehood. You are now sixteen years old, and you are the person who shall restore the poor prince to his proper form. You may be sure that he is cured of the vice of lying, for he has repented it bitterly."

"But," said Agathe, "where is he? The coarse, dirty man" —

"The coarse, dirty man who took him away," said the lady, interrupting her, "was the sorceress, who was angry with the king because he had caused rewards to be offered for the restoration of his son, and the means of subduing her power. She took him with her to her castle, which is in the midst of a dark wood. The approach to it is through a labyrinth guarded by frightful things; but you have only to follow my directions exactly, and you need fear nothing, for you will surely succeed."

"Oh," said Agathe, "I should so like to set him free!"

"We will descend upon a hill," said the lady, "at the foot of which is the wood, where is the castle in which the prince is confined. You will

then leave this castle, having taken care to supply yourself with some water from the fountain with the crystal shell. Have no fear, for I shall be with you, though invisible."

"I will be sure to do as you direct me," said Agathe, "and shall be so happy when I can think that I have done so good an action. When shall we go?"

"To-morrow," replied the lady.

VII.

AGATHE hardly slept all night for thinking of the adventure she was to undertake the next day. It was about noon when the Beautiful Lady's castle rested on the top of the hill; and Agathe could see the dark and dismal looking wood, lying to the north, at its foot. She immediately descended the steps of the castle with a vial full of the water from the crystal fountain in her hand. Then she went cheerfully and fearlessly down towards the wood, and entered its dreary shade. No sooner was she fairly within its gloomy circle, than hideous shapes began to confront her. Yet she did not forget the instructions of the Beautiful Lady, but threw a little of the water from the vial upon them, and they disappeared at once. So she continued her way till she came in sight of the castle, which looked like a great and dreadful prison-house. She could not see the lower part of it, for it was surrounded with walls and gates, which appeared so strong that it seemed impossible to force an entrance, and on the highest tower sat the sorceress, in the form of a huge dragon.

Agathe was not afraid, because she believed all that the Beautiful Lady had told her. So she approached without any hesitation, poured some of the water from the vial into her hand, and sprinkled it on the walls and gates. Immediately they crumbled away, and became a bank of sand, over which she walked easily. She could now see the lower part of the castle. Through one of the windows, which was strongly barred with iron, she could see poor Kalon in a kind of dungeon, so heavily chained that he could hardly move. Just as she was about to throw some of the water against the castle, the dragon, that is, the old sorceress, who had taken the form of a dragon, as has been said, flew down upon her with claws extended and mouth wide open. But before she was near enough to touch her, Agathe threw some of the water on the old hag, who instantly melted into thin air. Then Agathe sprinkled some drops on the side of the castle, which

turned into a dark cloud of smoke, that disappeared in the dark by-ways of the wood. Kalon was now free. He instantly came up to Agathe with every expression of joy. She stooped down and poured some of the water into his mouth. As soon as it rested on his tongue, his shape was restored, and he stood before her, the handsomest young man that ever was, dressed in the finest clothes, with long white plumes in his cap, and a sword, whose hilt sparkled with the rarest jewels, at his side. He took her hand and kissed it in a very polite manner, and with much earnestness thanked her for doing him so great a favor. She blushed very much, and hardly knew what to say. They came back together to the Beautiful Lady's castle. She was waiting for them, and they went through the great hall into the garden. And there was a little feast of all delicious things ready for them. While they were refreshing themselves, the castle was sailing away to the country of which Kalon's father was king.

Kalon seemed never to tire of looking at and talking with Agathe. Indeed, he already loved her very much. And well he might; for, as is already known, she was the loveliest young woman in the world. And he was so handsome, so polite and respectful to her, that she soon loved him as much as he did her.

Presently they arrived at the palace. Now, this palace was wonderful for its size and splendor. The king was almost overjoyed to see them, and received the Beautiful Lady and Agathe as

if they had been a queen and a princess. In fact, it seemed as if he could not do honor enough to Agathe. He gave a great feast, to celebrate the restoration of his son, the prince, and placed Agathe on his right hand and Kalon on his left. The Beautiful Lady was next to Agathe. And while they feasted, they could hear all the time the sweetest strains of music, and the most exquisite fragrance of flowers filled the room.

Every day the king proposed some new diversion for the prince and Agathe, and their delight was very great. Only they loved each other so much, that they were sad when they thought they might be separated. But to prevent this, Kalon asked her to be his wife; and he begged his father to ask her for him also. So the king came and asked her to be his daughter-in-law, and make his son happy. Agathe could hardly believe that she was not dreaming. It seemed to her impossible that she could really have so much good fortune. The Beautiful Lady told her that she had well merited the honor conferred upon her.

So they were married, and all the people rejoiced very much; and there were feasts, and games, and hunts, and music, and fireworks, and a general holiday.

The prince and princess — for Agathe was a princess now — were very happy. And when they came to be king and queen, their greatest happiness was in making others happy. And the Beautiful Lady lived with them always.

HUNTER AND TOM.

BY JACOB ABBOTT.

CHAPTER XXI.

GRANDMOTHER'S MEETING.

ONE of the passages which the children liked most to hear their grandmother read and explain, was the account of the shipwreck of the Apostle Paul; and it happened that a portion of this narrative was the subject on the present occasion. It will give you some idea of the manner in which the good old lady used to conduct these exercises, if I record her comments on two or three verses.

You must picture her to your minds as sitting in her comfortable arm-chair, her feet raised a lit-

tle upon a stool, her big Blind Testament in her lap, which, though it was in fact only a Testament, was as large as a family Bible, while yet it was very light, because the paper upon which the letters were impressed was very thick, and the letters, protruding as they did from the page, made the leaves lie very lightly together. As she read, the old lady felt of the letters with the fingers of her right hand, while she followed the line, and kept the place with the fingers of her other hand. All this time the children, all except August, in low chairs, sat near, listening to the reading. The old lady read very slowly, word for word, as she felt them out with her fingers, talking at the

same time about what she read, as if partly to herself and partly to her auditors.

"*And — when — the — fourteenth — night — was — come,*" — fourteen nights: you see, that is two whole weeks, they were beating about in the storm, dark and rainy in the nights, and windy and misty in the day, so that they could not see where they were, — "*as — we — were — driven — up — and — down*" (whichever way the wind and currents drove them) "*in — Adria.*" Adria was the name of the sea."

"Whereabouts is the sea of Adria, grandmother?" asked John.



"I don't know," said his grandmother, "exactly whereabouts it was, but it must have been some great sea, for them to be driven about in it for two whole weeks, without anywhere coming to the land. '*About — midnight*' — they kept a close watch, you see, day and night, although in the night it was so dark that they could not see any thing, but they could listen and hear the breakers, if they were coming near any rocks. '*About — midnight,*' — oh, I read that — '*the — shipmen*' — that means the sailors, those that were keeping watch up on deck in the rain: I suppose some were below, asleep; because, you see,

they could not all keep awake fourteen days and fourteen nights — '*the — shipmen — seemed*'" —

"Deemed, grandmother; deemed, it is," said John.

"Yes, *deemed*," said his grandmother. "You are right. *Deemed*, that means, thought; '*deemed — that — they — drew — near — to — some — country.*' I don't know how they knew, unless they heard the breakers; or perhaps they held a lantern over the side, and saw some sea-weed floating; or perhaps some little tired bird, wet and weary, came and alighted on the deck."

"If I had been there, I would have given him something to eat," said Jinnie.

"*And — they — sounded*" — that means, they measured how deep the water was, because they thought that if they were coming near the land, the water would be beginning to be shallow. They measured by letting down a heavy weight tied to the end of a string. They could feel when the weight touched the bottom; and then when they pulled it up, and saw how long the string was, they would know how deep the water was. "*And — found — it — twenty — fathoms,*" — that is, twenty times as far as they could reach with their arms along the string."

"In this way, grandmother?" said Jinnie, standing up, and reaching out her arms in each direction, as far as she could.

"I suppose so," said her grandmother, "but I can't see."

"She's stretching out her arms one way and the other, as far as she can reach," said John.

"That's right," said his grandmother.

"Then, as far as I can reach, is a fathom," said Jinnie.

"That is *your* fathom," said her grandmother; "but it is not a man's fathom, for a man can reach further than you can. But as far as a man six feet high can reach with his two arms, is a man's fathom. People got into the way of measuring the depth of water in reaches of the arms, because that's the handiest way of measuring a string. You can measure any thing that way, if you please, such as the side of a house, or a fence. You begin at one end, and put the ends of the fingers of your left hand at the corner. Then you stand with your face close to the fence, and stretch out both arms, and see how far you can reach with the fingers of your right hand. Then you hold that place with your right hand fingers, and move along; and so, beginning again there, you stretch your arms a second time, and so all along, till you come to the end of the fence."

"I mean to do it some day," said John. "I'll measure the garden fence."

"You had better put down your books, and go and do it now," said his grandmother. "Then you'll remember what a fathom is; and you'll know, too, how deep the water was where the shipmen sounded."

So the two children at once put down their books, and ran out into the yard. August and Elvie followed them. They all proceeded to the end of the garden fence furthest from the road, where it came next to the great gate leading into the barn-yard, and began measuring along the fence in the way in which Jinnie's grandmother had described.

This idea of a congregation at a meeting, all getting up and going out, in the midst of the service, in order to execute practical illustrations of certain points in the discourse, was something quite novel to August and Elvie, but it was a very common usage at "Grandmother's meeting," as the children called it. She knew very well — what a great many grandmothers, so far as I have observed, seem to be entirely unconscious of — that young children require a great deal of *movement and action* for their limbs and members, in order to keep them well and comfortable. They *must have* such movement, in fact, either in the form of some active performance expressly contrived for them, or else in that of restlessness in their seats, for which they are scolded or punished.

So John and Jinnie's grandmother, always when she could, contrived to send the children away from their seats in the midst of her meetings, to act out something described in the chapter, or to do something to illustrate what was described.

In a few minutes the children came in. They had measured the whole length of the garden fence, on the side toward the house, and found it from fifteen to twenty reaches, according to the length of the arms of the different measurers. So that the depth of the water, as measured by the shipmen, at their first sounding, was greater than the whole length of the garden, which, Jinnie thought, made it very deep indeed. She did not think the sea was anywhere so deep as that, but August told her that the sea was in some places four or five miles deep, and perhaps deeper.

Jinnie's grandmother then went on reading a few verses more — how the shipmen let down their sounding line again, and found only fifteen fathoms, showing that the water was growing shallower. This made them afraid that they were drawing near the shore, and might come

suddenly upon rocks and breakers, and so they cast out anchors, and waited and wished for the day. After she had read on in this way a few verses more, she shut the book. Jinnie then read two more verses of a hymn, and the meeting was done.

The boys spent the remainder of the day in a very agreeable manner at Mrs. Blakely's. They went repeatedly to the barn to take care of the ponies, and in the evening they rode them down to the brook, where the bridge was taken up, to water them. Elvie rode Tom, and John rode Hunter, while August and Jinnie walked down the road part of the way, to meet the boys with the ponies on their return.

They also spent a long time, about sunset, in feeding and taking care of John's various animals, — his fox, his rabbits, his doves, his hens and chickens, and all the rest. When it became dark, they returned into the house, and went to bed, and the next morning they resumed their journey.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE VALLEY OF THE CONNECTICUT.

AFTER this, the boys continued their travels for several days in the mountainous country, where they met with a variety of adventures, which cannot be here related. At length they came out suddenly one morning about ten o'clock, in view of the Valley of the Connecticut. They saw before them, at the turn of the road on the brow of a hill, a wide expanse of level country, spreading out before and below them, with blue mountains in the distance far away in the horizon. In the middle distance was a vast region of smooth and level fields, with the river winding in a meandering course through them, and towns and villages scattered here and there, some of them marked by spires of churches rising up from among groves of elm-trees, and others standing out upon hill-sides, and other commanding elevations, on the further side of the valley.

The boys stopped their horses for some minutes, in order that they might enjoy the view. Then they rode on; and after this, they journeyed for several days through the enchanting country which had thus been spread out to their view.

But after all, this level and beautiful country was not quite so pleasant to travel through as it was to look upon. The road, instead of twisting and turning, as it had done in the mountainous region, among forests, and rocks, and charming

little valleys, enlivened here and there by brooks and cascades, and continual surprises of all sorts, now became more straight and monotonous, and in many cases the travellers could see the road for a long distance before them, and were often quite impatient to come to the next turn. In such cases as this, August beguiled the way by talking to Elvie, answering his inquiries, or explaining points of difficulty, or telling him stories for the sake of questions of right and wrong which arose out of them, and on which he wished, as he said, to have Elvie's opinion.

One of these stories was as follows:—

AUGUST'S STORY.

"ONCE there was a miller," said August, "who lived in a pleasant house near his mill. Behind the house there was a garden which extended down to the margin of the water below the mill. There was a dam just opposite to the mill, and below the dam and the mill, and opposite to the garden, there was a wide and smooth place in the water, where you could sail in a boat. Below this smooth place the stream became narrow, and flowed over shallow sands and pebbles, in a winding way, for some miles.

"The miller had a pretty boat, painted black and green, which he kept at the foot of his garden. There was a little stone pier there, built for a landing place, and a ring in one of the stones on the side of it, where the miller used to fasten his boat. One day, when the miller had been out fishing in his boat with his boy, he observed, when he came home, and undertook to fasten the boat to the pier, that the ring was nearly worn off. He told his boy that he might go directly to the blacksmith and have a new ring made, and in the mean time he would pull the boat up upon the sand, and fasten it to a stake. He sent his boy off to find a stake. The boy came back soon with a stake, but it was a small and slender one. The miller said that that would not do. He must go and get a 'good large stout' stake. So the boy went to the mill and brought down a large stake. The miller then dragged the boat up as far as he could upon the sand, and there driving the stake down into the sand, he fastened the boat to it.

"That night there came a rain, and the next morning the miller's boy went down and found that the water had risen so high that it came up almost into the garden, and that the boat was gone, stake and all.

"In fact, the very precaution which the miller

had taken to secure his boat, was the means of its having been carried away; for the stake that he drove into the sand, though its bigness made it stouter, made it also more buoyant, and so when the rain came in the night, and the water rose, it first floated the boat, and then coming up around the stake, the little waves beating against it worked it loose, and then the floating power of the water lifted it up out of its place in the sand. The boat, the rope, and the stake then all drifted away together.

"The next morning but one after the boat went away, a farmer, who lived about two miles down the river, stopped in his wagon in the road opposite the mill, and calling out to the miller, who was at work putting a log in place to be sawed, asked him if he had not lost a boat. The miller answered that he had lost one. It had been carried away, he said, by the freshet, the night before the last.

"'Painted black and green?' said the farmer.

"'Yes,' said the man, 'that's the boat.'

"'Such a boat as that came ashore on my land night before last,' said the farmer, 'and if it's yours, you had better send and take it away.'

"So the miller determined to send for his boat. But the difficulty was how to get it back up the stream. One way that he thought of, was to send two men with a yoke of oxen and a cart, and let them put the boat upon the cart, and haul it home. This, however, would take the time of two men and a yoke of oxen nearly half a day, and that would be worth a dollar and a half. While he was thinking of this, he saw two boys fishing from some rocks near the mill. He knew the boys very well. They belonged in that neighborhood. He called them to the mill, and asked them if they could not go down the river a couple of miles, and bring home his boat, which had been carried away by the freshet.

"'It is on Mr. Saunderson's land,' said he, 'more than two miles from here. You'll find it pretty hard to get up with it against the stream. But perhaps you can do it. In some places, where the water is tolerably still, you can get in the boat and row it, or push it along with poles. When you come to a place where the current runs too swift, then you will have to get out and wade. One of you can pull by the painter ahead, and the other push at the stern.'

"The boys said they could do it just as well as not.

"The miller said if they would do it, he would give them a quarter of a dollar apiece.

"The boys agreed to the bargain. So they brought up their fishing poles and put them in a safe place in the mill, and then set forth on their expedition. In going down, of course, they were to follow the road along the bank; and in coming up with the boat, they were to keep the middle of the stream.

"They first, however, went home to tell their mothers where they were going. The boys were cousins, and they lived very near together."

"What were their names?" asked Elvie.

"Thomas and James," said August.

"So Thomas and James," continued August, "went down the river till they came to Mr. Saunderson's farm, and there, proceeding to the meadow behind the house, they came at length to the place where the boat was lying. It was lodged against a fence, near a thicket of willows, and at some distance from the water. They went back to the house, and selected four round sticks of wood from the wood-pile, to be used as rollers. Then they came back to the boat. They took two boards off from the fence and laid them upon the ground, one before the other, for the rollers to run upon, and thus, after a while, with a great deal of prying and heaving, they contrived to get the boat on the rollers, and to move it along by slow degrees, till they got it to the margin of the water.

"Then after they had put back the boards in their places upon the fence, they launched the boat, and with the oars they began to push and row. Sometimes they pushed and sometimes they rowed, according to the depth of the water. By and by they came to what they called *rips*, that is, places where the water was shallow and rapid, and flowed for some distance in ripples over great shoals of sand and pebbles. In these places they did as the miller had recommended to them. They took off their stockings and shoes and put them in the bottom of the boat, and then turned up their trousers, and got out into the water. Thomas took hold of the painter and went forward to pull, and James went behind to push. In this way they found that they could get the boat along very well. And when they

had passed through the rips, and had come to smooth water again, they would clamber back into the boat, and push with the oars, and row, as they had done before.

"In this way, in about three hours from the time that they left the mill, they returned to it with the boat safe and sound.

"By this time the blacksmith had made a new ring. They fastened the boat to the ring, and then went up to the mill to get their pay.

"The miller was much pleased to find that they had accomplished the object of their expedition so successfully, and he put his hand in his pocket to get the money to pay them.

"He found, when he took out his money, that he had only a quarter of a dollar and a ten-cent piece with him. He gave the quarter to James, and said that as soon as he had finished the log that he was then sawing, he would go into the house and get the money for Thomas.

"So James took his quarter, and began to walk along slowly toward home, leaving Thomas to wait for his pay, and then overtake him. By and by the miller went to his house to get some more money. Thomas went with him, and waited at the door until he came out. When the miller came out, he said he could not make the change exactly. He had several ten-cent pieces, but nothing smaller.

"But it is no matter," said he. "You must have had a pretty hard time in bringing the boat up so far against such a current, and so I'll pay you a little over, and he gave him three ten-cent pieces, which made five cents too much.

"And now," continued August, in winding up the story, "the question that I want you to answer me is, whether Thomas was bound to give James half of this surplus of five cents, or was he at liberty to keep it all himself?"

"I think, for my part, that it was rather a long story for August to tell, to bring out so simple a question as this; but this was the way with all the stories which August told during the ride. He made them as long and as circumstantial as possible, in order that he might thereby beguile so much more of the way.



PRATTLE IN THE PANTRY.

Six clear, polished cut-glass tumblers stood in a row on the shelf in the butler's pantry, and six of the same kind and pattern lay dusty and covered with straw in a basket on the floor.

"Welcome home! welcome, brothers!" cried the clean ones, cheerfully. "It is six months since we have been one united dozen, and doubtless you have much to tell us of the country life you have led since we have seen you."

"Yes, yes," cried the chorus in the basket; "if we can get the straw out of our mouths, we have tales to tell; but how has it been with you? I see one brother has a little nick out of the side."

"Alas!" said the Nicked Glass, "that is a sad story; but come up here on the shelf, and you shall hear it all."

At this moment, Joseph, the stately man-waiter, and the pretty little parlor-maid, who did the work while Joseph gave elegance to the establishment, came into the pantry, washed and rubbed the glasses that had lain in the basket, and arranged them carefully on the shelf, by the side of their brothers.

"Now, we have just an hour before dinner," said all the tumblers, for they were a happy family, and usually talked at the same time, as happy families do. "Let us relate our adventures." Here an indiscriminate sound was heard, as every one tried to begin his own story, which each thought was the most interesting.

But Nick, who was treated with more distinction than the others on account of his misfortune, wisely remarked, that unless one spoke at a time nothing could be heard, and that dinner would be ready, and they would have to go on active service, and have no time to talk. So he called upon the youngest of the party to speak first, and relate all that had happened since they left the city on the first of June.

"You must know," began the favored Tumbler, "that when five of my brothers were packed carefully with the vinegar cruets, the pepper-pot, and the salt-cellars, to travel hidden in a wooden box, I was put carefully into a small black leather carpet bag. Sandwiches, cold chicken, and a bottle of milk, kept company with me; and when the bag was opened, we had visions of a long car full of men, women, and children, dusty and uncomfortable. But *we* lay snug. The family were going out of town for the summer, and little Julian began to eat the moment he entered the cars, so that the sandwiches rapidly disappeared. I was

taken out occasionally, until the journey was over. After the milk was all gone, the bottle was thrown out of the window, and, I fear, may have met with a sad accident, for he was a distant cousin of our own, being made of glass; but common — quite common. However, glass will not stand a shock like being thrown out of a window."

"Alas, no!" said Nick, and the other brothers winked at the story-telling Tumbler, to make no unpleasant allusions.

"It was no great loss," resumed the narrator, "for the bottle gave himself great airs on account of having once held claret, and we were quite happy without him. My nerves were a good deal shaken on account of Julian taking me, jog, jogging, to the end of the cars, where the ice-water pitcher stood, every fifteen minutes; but he is a boy, as we all know, who can never be quiet."

"I know that well," said Tumbler No. 2, who now began his turn in the conversation. "I have been in his hands all summer, turned upside down over beetles, butterflies, katydids, and all manner of insects. I must positively decline to relate my experiences, for they have been of a most painful nature."

The brothers would have consoled him; but No. 3, who was glad of a chance to talk, began:—

"It is all very well to talk of painful experiences, but what would you say to mine? Born of a cheerful disposition, accustomed to hold the clearest ice-water, and to shine in society, I was positively, during the summer, made to hold a dose — a dose — oh dear! how can I reveal the horrid tale? — a dose of castor-oil, for the cook's little son, who had been brought here to the city house in the absence of the family, and had swallowed almost a paper of tacks, which he held in his mouth while he hammered the empty salt-box to the bread-board, with the rolling-pin! Talk of Julian! He, at least, is a gentleman; and it is well known that bugs are scientific; but as for the cook's little son, Nick knows," said No. 3. Here the six brothers who had stayed at home sighed.

"It appears to me," said No. 4, "that our conversation is not as agreeable as it might be made. Listen to my story, which is one of happiness. When we arrived at the charming cottage where we were to spend six happy months, I was taken from the confined quarters which our youngest

brother has described, and stood alone on a pretty bracket in a small parlor. Small it was; no oil paintings nor velvet carpets, such as we have in town, but neat matting; white muslin curtains at the windows, and pretty little photographs and engravings hung on the wall. There was no chandelier, but a lamp, with shaded pictures for a screen, and two pretty candlesticks that stood beside a small gilt clock, and were lighted every evening when the sun went down. Beside me on the bracket was a little statuette of Cupid; and I wondered why I should be placed in such a conspicuous position. You know, brothers, we have always valued ourselves upon our sterling worth, more than on our beauty." Here a murmur of dissatisfaction was heard, but it soon subsided.

"But now came my happy hours," continued No. 4, "when I bloomed forth to the world. Roses, heliotrope, mignonette, and the loveliest white lilies, were brought daily and arranged for me. They leaned toward my side, and I felt their sweet breath. Oh! how happy we all were, — the marble Cupid, the lovely flowers, and the crystal glass! Never, never, shall I enjoy myself so much again! but the memory of that happy time will be a joy to me forever!"

"Humph! sentimental!" said No. 5, who stood a little at the back of the others, in consequence of being filled with currant jelly. "If one were filled with something practical, — for instance, currant jelly, — one would talk less of memory and more of fact. I wish to know if any of the present company is filled to the brim with good things, as am I? Behold the red tinge which my whole body has acquired. And labeled! and tied with a string! Never talk to me of merit unrecognized in the world. Am I not proof to the contrary?"

"Notwithstanding," said Nick, who had become somewhat cynical "currant jelly and all, he stands behind the rest of us." But he only whispered to the next Tumbler, for he was born good natured, and it was only the misfortunes of his life that had soured him.

"But I was both useful and ornamental," cried the Sixth Tumbler; "for, one night I was lighted up with a wax taper, and I shone like a light-house on a rock. The baby was sick, and the poor mother, tired with watching, lay on the outside of the bed, longing for the morning, when the Doctor, summoned by telegraph, should come to her little child. The handsome lamp stood in the parlor, but the light was too strong for the baby's eyes, so the taper was lighted, and I received it, and shone beautifully all night. Then

I was happy; for the little candle threw its beams so far into the room, that I felt that we were useful as well as charming together. In the morning, my friend the taper was exhausted — he had given his life; but mine was the joy of seeing the dear mother joyfully holding the pretty baby, whose fever had passed away in the silent watches of the night. But this comes only once in a life — for I am modest! I feel that I have not the capability of being a light-house, although it is certainly a most charming sensation, as far as my experience goes."

All the travelled tumblers had now spoken except one, who said he had been left out on the piazza all night, and had seen the brilliant stars come out one by one, until the whole heavens glittered. Suddenly, thick clouds gathered over the mountains, lightning played through the darkness where the stars had shone, and the rain poured in torrents. But in all the troubles, the Tumbler thought of what he had seen in the beauties of the thousand stars, and did not resent it even when Julian cried out in the morning, — "Here's a dirty old tumbler full of rain-water." "But I knew," said the glass to its brothers on the shelf, "that I had seen more in one night than Julian had ever even dreamed of."

"Now, brothers," cried the country Tumblers all together, "what have you done here in the stupid city? No excitement, no dinner-parties, or birthday games. We suppose that you are glad the summer is over."

"Yes indeed," said the six who had remained in the city. "We were nearly cracked for want of occupation. One of us was sent to the corner for beer one night, and, as you have heard, another was used for dreadful medicine. Poor Nick's sad accident came from being thrown by the cook's son at the cat, who was running away with a mutton bone. Though we looked so bright and gay when you saw us on the shelf, and you so dusty and forlorn, yet you were really the happiest of the party."

"But we, too, have had our pleasures," said a Tumbler who had not yet spoken. "Don't you remember, brothers, the tired little girl that came to the kitchen-door with her tambourine? and how happy I was in holding the milk she enjoyed so much?"

"What a low taste!" said the currant-jelly Tumbler: "milk at a kitchen-door!"

"And although it was not exactly pleasant," said another, "yet how much good I did to the cook's finger when it was sore, by holding the hot lye for her to bathe it."

"Yes, yes," said they all; "if we have not had such pleasant times, we have not been without use in the world, and that is always a satisfaction."

"And I," said the last of the Tumblers, "was ornamented too; for the butcher boy brought one day a large bunch of lilacs for the pretty parlor-maid, and I stood holding it in the hall, and thought of all my dear brothers in the country." Just as the last Tumbler spoke, in came the stately butler to set the table, for the family had now returned, and all things must be done in style.

He counted the tumblers, took them down, and taking the one that held currant-jelly, unceremo-

niously upset him into a china dish. He had been muttering, "commonplace," at the narration of the city glasses, and was shocked and surprised at the sudden revolution which had overturned him in the midst of his glory.

Now the glasses were arranged on the dinner-table, Julian drank from his own silver mug, and thought nothing of the bright tumblers, who were all glad to see him again. Only two were left neglected in the pantry. The dirty, stained glass, who had held currant-jelly, and the one who had loved the roses and lilies, and who pined for his country home.

Cheer up! flower-glass! summer will come again.

THE LOST RUBY.

BY C. CLARR

ONCE upon a time, the great Emperor Charlemagne, while travelling either to or from one of his numerous wars, I have forgotten which, stopped at a little Swiss town. The people came flocking to him, to complain of injuries and wrongs they suffered under; and in order to save himself trouble, for they left him no time to himself, he had a bell fastened to a statue in the public square, with this order tied to it:—

"Whoever wants justice, can pull this bell during the time the Emperor is at dinner, and he will come from the table to listen to the complaint, and give redress."

Well, one day the bell rang violently, and the Emperor sent his page in all haste, to see who was there. In a few minutes the page came back, out of breath with the speed he had made, and said he did not see any body near the bell. Now this seemed very strange, for the bell could not have rung itself, and the Emperor wondered who could have pulled the cord; and was both surprised and angry that any body could be found who would dare to make fun of any order of his. But his anger was to no purpose, for as they could not find that any person had rung the bell, and then ran away, there was nobody to be punished.

The next day the same thing happened. The bell rang; but when the page reached the statue, there was no one there. The third day the same thing, though the page was all ready to start at the first sound, and there could hardly have been time for any one to get out of sight.

The Emperor's anger was fairly roused, and he determined to find out this mystery; so he placed a guard round the statue, with orders to watch very carefully all sides of the square.

It was just at noon, when the guard, who had grown almost weary of staring round and seeing nothing, saw a large white serpent crawl stealthily along the ground to the statue, then, seizing the cord in its mouth, it pulled the bell, and then crawled into the bushes bordering on the square. The guard ran with all speed to the Emperor with the strange news, and the Emperor, very much astonished, rose from the table, and went to where the serpent lay hid. When the serpent saw the Emperor coming, he crawled from the bushes, and glided away, the Emperor following, till at last the serpent stopped before his lair, which some animal had taken possession of. He cast a glance into the Emperor's face, who, as he had promised to redress all wrongs, ordered his retainers to drive out the stranger, and restore the serpent to his own home, and then he went back to his now cold dinner.

The next day, when the court were dining, to every one's dismay, the serpent came crawling into the hall, went straight to where the Emperor sat in state, and rearing its head, dropt from its mouth into the Emperor's plate, a splendid ruby ring, and then disappeared. The ring was handsomer than any ever before seen, and so very valuable, that Charlemagne determined to give it to his wife, and she promised him always to wear it.

Now, the ruby was a talisman, and whoever wore it, would always be dearer to the Emperor than any body; and his wife now became so very precious to him, that he could not bear to have her out of his sight. The Empress in some way found out the secret of the ring, but history does not tell us how, and so we do not know if the serpent was a fairy, who, in order to test the Emperor, had disguised herself, and afterwards told the Empress the virtue the ruby possessed.

The Empress never laid the ring from her finger a moment; and when, many years after, she was dying, she took the ruby off, and hid it in her mouth, determined that no one else should ever wear it, and so succeed to the Emperor's love.

After she died, as she still had the ruby, Charlemagne's love still was hers, and he had her body embalmed, and carried it round with him on all his many journeys, and never cared for any one else. This state of things lasted for a long time; but there was one of the courtiers who suspected there was magic somewhere, and one day went and opened the case holding the Empress's body, and examined it very carefully. Sure enough, he found the splendid ring hidden under her tongue; and taking it away, slipped it on his own finger. The next day the poor Empress was buried.

Then the courtier became the one person dear to the Emperor, who never gave him any peace,

but obliged him to be always in his presence. Now, as the Emperor was very harsh and tyrannical, the poor nobleman did not enjoy the distinction as much as he expected, and very soon began heartily to wish that he had left the ring where he found it. It was now too late for that; and as he did not dare give it to any body, one day, on one of the Emperor's many journeys, he drew the ring from his finger, and flung it into a marsh they were passing by.

Charlemagne ordered a halt, declared he had never seen a place he liked so much, and ordered the instant draining of the marsh, and said he should build a splendid city, and live there.

All this was done, but no one ever found the ruby again; and for aught we know, it may be lying now under the city walls. Charlemagne remained true to his last love, built his splendid city, and in it a magnificent cathedral; and before he died, ordered that, at his death, his body should be buried there.

Now, when you go abroad, do not fail to visit Charlemagne's beloved city, Aix la Chapelle, and in the cathedral you will see a stone marked "Carolo Magno," and underneath it lie the bones of the great Emperor; and in the city hall they will show you the Emperor's chair of state, a golden cross, and his hunting horn; but the ruby, as I have told you, still lies buried in the ground, and I doubt very much if any one would be allowed permission to dig for it.

LOU AND HIS COUSINS.

A CHAPTER FROM "LITTLE LOU'S SAYINGS AND DOINGS."

LOU was now a tall, strong boy. He played out-of-doors in the coldest winter weather, without an overcoat, and always felt warm. His cousins, Norman and Howard, played with him in the snow. They coasted down hill, and made the air ring with their shouts of laughter. Sometimes they played the "Lost Traveller" in this way. Lou would lie down on the ground, and the others would cover him with snow, leaving a little hole for him to breathe through. Then Norman would pretend to be one of the dogs of St. Bernard, and would prowling around on all fours, with his nose to the ground, till suddenly he would give a joyful bark, and Howard would come running up, with a gray cloak folded around him, to make him look like a monk. The two

boys would then dig Lou out from the snow, give him a drink of milk from a bottle that hung around Norman's neck, and rub and chafe his limbs, to bring him to life. Then he was lifted to Norman's back, and trotted in to the kitchen, where Abigail was often coaxed, not only to help rub the exhausted traveller, but to bring out good things for him to eat, that made the other boys eager to take their turn at getting lost in the snow.

One day Lou found a picture of some soldiers, sitting before a camp-fire, boiling their kettle. He wished he was not a dunce, at that moment, for he wanted to know who the soldiers were, and where they came from. But his papa and mama had gone off on a sleigh-ride, and Abigail said she

should not read to him, for she thought he ought to be ashamed of himself, not to learn to read.

"There's my brother's little Johnny," said she, "who was not born till you were four or five months old, and he can read quite prettily to his grandpa."

"Well, I shall catch up with him, and get ahead of him. Of course I am going to learn to read, some time."

"What are you fumbling about in my closet for? I never saw such a boy. You are never still one minute. It looks so pretty to see a boy fond of his book, and sitting down reading, instead of tearing round as you do."

"I am not fumbling, and I am not tearing," said Lou. "I just want an old iron pot; that's all."

"What for?"



"Oh, to play with. I am going for Norman and Howard, and we shall play soldiers."

"What can he want of an iron pot to play soldiers with?" Abigail asked herself. "He'll leave it out in the snow, and get it all rusty; I know he will. And there! He's gone off, leaving the door open, just as he always does, and the weather as cold as Greenland's icy mountains." She shut the door with a pretty hard push.

Meanwhile Lou ran up to his uncle's for his cousins.

"I've thought of a splendid play," said he. "We are three soldiers that have been marching all day, and now we're tired and hungry. We'll pitch our tent, and make a fire, and boil our pot, and have supper. Come; I'll show you a picture of it."

"Well!" said the other boys.

They all three went racing down the street to the yard of Lou's house, where they looked at the picture through the window, Lou holding it up for the purpose.

"What shall we do for a tent?" asked Norman.

"Oh, I know!" cried Lou. "Papa's shawl will do."

He ran to get it, but now the question was how to arrange it. Neither of them knew. Lou brought the rake, and the other boys found some bean poles; but the tent looked very forlorn, and ready to blow down under a breath of wind.

"It is no matter how it looks," said Lou. "We are not going to live in it. We are going to make a fire, and boil our pot."

"A real fire?" asked Norman.

"A real pot?" said Howard.

"Yes, a real fire, and a real pot," said Lou. "You boys pick up some sticks, and lay them together, and I will get some more poles to hang the pot on."

The boys obeyed. They gathered sticks from the floor of the wood-house, and after a great deal of trouble, they made three poles fast in the snow, and hung their pot over the pile of sticks.

"Now I'll get a match, and light the fire," said Lou.

"Will your mother let you?" asked Norman.

"She isn't at home," said Lou. "But she would n't care, I know. She says she wants me to play out-of-doors all the time. And if I do, I must have something to play with."

He ran in to the kitchen; there was no one there.

"That's nice," said Lou. "Now I can get a live coal!"

He seized the tongs, and with them a large coal from the fire. The three boys then knelt down on the snow, and began to blow upon the coal to make it kindle the sticks. They were soon all in a blaze.

"Now we must have some water in our pot," said Lou. He stood thinking a moment. "If I go in again I may meet Abigail, and she may ask what I want of the water. Then if she finds we've got a fire, I know just what she'll do. She'll take the tongs, and jerk one stick this way, and one stick that, and scold and scold. But there's no harm. Mama would n't care. Oh, I know what I'll do! I'll fill the pot with snow, and it will melt into water! I've often seen Abigail melt snow. Hurrah, boys! we're soldiers! We don't know where to get water; we'll use snow!"

The three boys, laughing and shouting, soon filled the pot; more wood was piled on, the snow melted, the water began to get warm.

"Seems to me I'm hungry," said Lou. "We must cook our supper now."

"I don't see any thing to cook," said Norman.

"Abigail will give us something," said Howard.

"No she won't," said Lou. "I'll go down cellar and get some potatoes. Potatoes are good enough for soldiers."

He ran in, leaving the door open, and was rushing through the kitchen, when Abigail came down from the room above, where she had gone to change her dress.

"Now what is it?" said she.

"I want some potatoes to boil in my pot."

"Well, you may go down and get some. Shut the door after you."

"Yes," said Lou, and ran off, leaving the door open again.

Abigail shut it after him.

"I suppose I did the same when I was no older than he," said she. "But it is very aggravating."

The potatoes went into the pot very willingly. They did not care whether they were boiled to-day or to-morrow, with skins on or off, for soldiers or for sailors. The little boys put on more wood, and sat around their camp-fire watching it.

"How soon will the potatoes be done?" asked Howard. "I am very hungry."

"Yes, we are all hungry and tired," said Lou. "We have been marching all day. Our supper will soon be ready; it only takes three minutes to boil potatoes."

"No, that's eggs," said Norman.

"Potatoes are not much larger than eggs," said Lou. "I'll leave them in four minutes."

While they watched their pot, and shivered with the cold, Abigail sat at her work by the kitchen fire. After a while she wanted the tongs. But they were missing.

"Mercy on us!" cried she. "I do believe that child has carried off my tongs! If he has, he has been making a fire! What *shall* I do? I promised to look after him, and keep him out of mischief!"

She ran out, and that not a moment too soon. A spark from the children's fire had caught a wisp of hay that was lying near; the hay had been blown along to some brushwood that was piled against the stable, and set it in a light blaze. The stable itself, full of hay, would have caught next.

The astonished soldiers felt some one dash in among them and seize the tongs, and then saw Abigail scattering the brushwood with them, in all directions. They all set up a cry of "Fire! fire! fire!" with might and main.

Just then Lou's papa and mama driving into the yard, heard the cry, and were not a little startled. Mama turned very pale, but she had not time to be frightened long. Papa jumped out of the sleigh, and pulled the wood apart, trampling it into the snow, and there was nothing left to tell tales but a smell of smoke, a camp-kettle boiling away for dear life, and three little guilty faces. Norman and Howard would have gladly run home, but were so frightened they could not move.

"Come into the house, all of you," said Lou's papa, "and let us know what all this means. Meanwhile some one will have to take care of my hands for me, for they are badly burned."

On hearing this, all three little soldiers began to cry.

Mama bound up the hands, and when that was done, she asked questions till she found who was at the head of the whole affair.

"You need not cry, Norman; nor you, Howard," said she. "Lou is the one to blame. But I am most to blame for leaving him at home with nothing to do."

"I did not mean to set the wood on fire," said Lou.

"Of course not. But you did set it on fire, and in a few moments more the stable would have caught, and then the wood-house, and then the house itself. We should have lost our pleasant home, our pictures, our books, our clothes; every thing we have."

Lou looked very grave.

"I never will do so again," said he.

"No, I do not think you will. But you may do some other mischief. I think I shall now begin in earnest to teach you to read. Then when I am away, you can amuse yourself without setting the house on fire."

THE CHIEF THING IN CROQUET.

BY R. FELLOW

WHAT is that in the game of croquet, which we could least spare? which, if it were gone, would leave the sport vapid and spiritless? Every one, after a moment's deliberation, would surely answer, *the croquet*. Think of a game in which the only ambition of the players is to make each arch, toll the stake, strike the winning stake, and clear out of the game as fast as possible, leaving friends and foes alike to take care of themselves, never croqueting, but always playing for position—think of such a game, and you will see that croquet thus played would lose its charms directly: without the croquet stroke, croquet would be like "Hamlet," with the part of Hamlet left out.

If the object of the game of croquet were merely to get one's ball out of the game as rapidly as possible, it would not be worth the playing. It is because, through the croquet, one has the opportunity of helping a friend or checking a foe, of using others' balls, and making himself of use to them; in a word, because croquet is a social game, imitating on its little field the real strife and friendship that goes on in the game of life, that we get drawn into playing by the hour,—playing when we have to grope for balls, past a white-

skirted friend behind an arch, and guess at the position of the stake,—playing when the grass is wet with dew; and at last, leave the field reluctantly, and go into the house to imagine all sorts of splendid shots and triumphant runs.

Now, I think that all will agree that the croquet gives the interest to the game, and that the most successful player is he who uses this part of the play best; but I wish to go a step further, and assert that the croquet is the key-stone of the game, and that the laws of the game, and all the play, gather about this stroke. There is a simple rule laid down in my hand-book, which I hold to be of very great importance. It is this:—ROQUET REQUIRES TO BE FOLLOWED BY CROQUET, BEFORE THE PLAYER CAN PROCEED. A player roquets a ball (and roquet, be it observed, is not simply *hitting*, but hitting a ball to which the player's ball is "in play"), and he is now required to finish his stroke, to take the consequences of the roquet by taking a croquet off the roqueted ball.

It is held by some players, that when one has made a roquet, he can then decide whether he will take a croquet. If he does not want to,

if it seems more advantageous to him to let the roqueted ball alone, and go on with his play, through his proper arch, perhaps, then he may do so, declining the croquet, as it is said. But such a liberty is contrary to the spirit of the game, I think; and though I see you smile, I add that it is contrary to the spirit of all true games, where skill and combination are represented, for such games are miniature studies of life as governed by sure and unchanging laws. Did you never notice what rigorous rules govern in the games which children play? how just the requirements are, how severe the penalties? Now in croquet, as in some other games, there is this underlying principle: that power obtained must be used for good or for evil, and that no one can escape responsibility by refusing to accept it. Even in playing many games where skill is secondary,—as backgammon, for example,—there are times when a player, could he have his own way, would relinquish some high number rather than suffer from using it. He might throw “sixes” in dice, and very much prefer to let his play go by, or put up with humble “two and a one,” but he cannot; he must play his throw. In games where skill is primary, while there is more freedom for the player within the law, there is no less strictness; as in draughts, where one would much rather not “jump” his enemy, jump he must, or take the consequences of being “blown up.”

Now I think that the right of declining the croquet offends this principle, and that the idea of using such a privilege, arose from the unwillingness of mortal croquet-players to submit to a law when it became inconvenient. That is the way all loose morals come about. As long as a law

does not interfere with us, we are quite willing to assent to it; it is when it comes across our way, that we think it is unjust, and look about to see if it cannot be changed, so that we can still keep the law, and do exactly as we please. It is not always convenient to take the croquet after getting the right to by making roquet, and so players have begun to say, “Well, it is a pity if we cannot do as we please about using an advantage.” Ah! but we must use the advantages we gain in every thing, and in croquet as well; we make a roquet, and the croquet must follow.

There is one point which does not seem to be settled yet, and that is as to the use of tight croquet and of loose croquet. Some authorities claim that the rover only can use the loose croquet; but to judge from the croquet books, and from usage, so far as I have seen it, this rule is becoming obsolete, and general custom allows the player to use either mode. Indeed, I lately saw in an English magazine a plea against any use of the tight croquet, on the ground that it was a barbarous method, which gave the strong an advantage over the weak, and made large croquet fields necessary. It certainly is true that, on a small field, the tight croquet is not likely to be used much, and that it is not an advantage to the strong more than it is to the weak; but I do not believe it will ever be ruled out of the game, for its value is not, as this writer would imply, in the power which it gives one to drive a ball to a distance, so much as in enabling one to change the position of the roqueted ball, while his own is kept unchanged. In this respect it is just the antipodes of “taking two off,” so obnoxious to some players, in which stroke the player’s ball changes position, and the other practically does not.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

SCOTT’S NOVELS AND POEMS.

THERE is something very agreeable to consider in the part which young people play as preservers of good books. De Foe writes a crowd of political tracts, angry controversial papers, satires, squibs, and realistic novels; regardless, apparently, of any but the most immediate effect. The public of his time received them all, with different degrees of favor; preferring “Robinson Crusoe,” perhaps, to the others; but passing them all on to the next generation. Who now, except the literary student, troubles himself about De Foe’s writings? There never was

enough interest to warrant even a complete edition in his life-time, or afterward. And yet that one book of “Robinson Crusoe,” falling into the lap of the young, has an assured immortality. It is as imperishable as their games.

The reason is on every one’s lips: that after the contemporary public was passed away, the only portion of the general public which never dies, that was *en rapport* with Crusoe, was the youth,—and fashion in literature has least hold here; they hold by the old things, more than their parents do.

Now we are confident that Walter Scott's Poems and Novels are henceforth to have somewhat the same kind fate, at the hands of the young. Not that these works have passed out of the interest of men and women; the impulse given at the time of their production is not so soon exhausted. But it is plain that Scott has lost the hold which he once had on novel readers. Dickens, Thackeray, Trollope, have succeeded him, and it is scarcely to be expected that there will be any grand re-installment of Scott sixty years hence, whatever may be the dearth of new novelists, any more than that the masters of the art in Queen Anne's time will now resume their ancient sway.

But we look for a sure preservation of the best of his works, at the hands of the young. They will keep *Ivanhoe*, and *Waverley*, and *Marmion* from a decent death in solemn libraries. Once let Scott, weeded out, and compressed into some clumsy, Joe Gargery sort of a volume, get comfortably established on the youngster's shelf, and he is good — what there is left of him — for unnumbered generations.

We take his prose and poetry together; for the vitality of both depend on much the same causes; and find them so thoroughly imbued with a youthful spirit, that we cannot ourselves take much interest in them, except as we have retained youthfulness, or are able to reclothe ourselves with it. For the very limitations of Scott's power help to keep his books within the regions of youthful taste. The half-truth of his historical pictures is much more in keeping with the florid imagination of youth, than a severer and juster accuracy would be; the negligence of his art is not distasteful to those who, in their reading as in their eating, stuff whatever they like into their willing maws.

But the positive excellence of Scott's works finds so ready a response in the minds of young readers, that it seems almost beyond doubt they will claim him as their own, their poet laureate and crowned story-teller. For where else in modern literature shall we find such boyish spirits, so hearty an outdoor bound, such spirited, and, indeed, such racy enthusiasm? We remember well a youngster who marched off to the ignominious task of pulling weeds, shouting —

Roderigh vich Alpine dhu, ho! Ieroc!

He had been reading Scott, and the words answered excellently to crow with; yet he told us when he was grown, and tried to read "The Lady of the Lake" through, that it was a dreadful labor.

Scott is as near to a vernacular Homer as English and American lads are likely to get, and he certainly makes a fair Scotch Homer, all the more that Homer never was in his head much. His novels, too, are so interesting, and yet move along so leisurely; they are so full of incident and fun, even if the latter is sometimes rather abstruse; and there is such a manly, honest touch to his heroes, such a thorough womanliness about his heroines, that one feels a real satisfaction when he sees a boy or girl reading Scott instead of — well, our special *bête noir* of ephemeral story-tellers.

For, with the young at least, Scott will last, and leave behind the pleasantest memories. No one, looking on his long row of Scott's Novels, will say, "How could I ever care for such books?" He may not care for them now, probably will not, but the best that they had to offer he has and cannot lose. Will it be the same with the present Young America's row of —? These books also will be outgrown; yes, and all recollection of them, too, and all affection for them. At the best, they will only make one smile, in a half contemptuous way, at his old enthusiasm.

If we have the ear of any parent who is reading this paper, we say heartily, the time for reading and enjoying Scott begins with the restless, romantic time of boys and girls, when you begin to feel uneasy at the taste they show for sensational, ephemeral literature. Give them Scott; it may not preserve them from all the poor stuff afloat, but it will be something stout for them to hold by now, and a capital memory to cherish. The years go by fast, and soon they will get to the point where Scott stops. He cannot go beyond that with them, but if they have held by him thus far, he will put them in charge of better men than himself, and so speed them on their way.

The most agreeable edition of Scott's Novels is the Household Edition of Ticknor & Fields (Boston), in 50 volumes: price \$1.25 each. After that comes the Library Edition of the same firm, which is the same as the last, printed on thinner paper, and bound in half the number of volumes, at \$1.50 each. Appletons, of New York, publish a cheap edition: twenty-five volumes, at twenty-five cents each; but it is dear at any price, being in small type and close page. The last firm publishes in one volume Scott's Poetical Works: price, fifty cents. Hurd & Houghton have an edition of the Poems, in six volumes, at \$9.00.



PATCHWORK.

BY THE EDITOR AND HIS FRIENDS.

Mr. Mill's "First Shot at a Lion" in the last number brings out of a pigeon-hole, where it has been lying some time, this from a German newspaper:—

THE ROYAL INFANTS:

AN ACCOUNT OF THE BABY LIONS IN THE DRESDEN ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

LAST August there were born in the city of Dresden a pair of twin lions. Their mother lived in a comfortable cage in the Zoological Gardens, was well fed, and kindly treated. Strange to say, she regarded her little new-born whelps with great aversion, rejected them entirely, and before they were a week old, behaved towards them with such cruelty, that the keeper was obliged to remove the helpless creatures from her, and place them in a cage by themselves.

On a former occasion, a dog had been provided as a nurse, but the young lion died in a short time. Now, therefore, it was decided to feed these twins with cow's milk, from a bottle with a rubber top, such as human babies use. The lions, after some delay and resistance, readily and willingly fed from it.

This manner of feeding, contrasting so glaringly with the wild nature of the animal, had something comical in it, and numerous spectators used to crowd about the cage to see the whelps suck their bottle. As dinner time drew near, the lions, who looked not unlike young mastiffs, would leave their play, run about uneasily, and sniff and whine, standing on their hind legs behind the grating, like a begging dog. When the keeper held the bottle towards them, they quietly lay down, and one after the other took the stopple in his mouth in the most orderly manner. They were always extremely careful not to endanger the neck of the bottle by any rough gambols. After they had drank up all the milk, they licked their chops, and appeared very well satisfied. It yet remains to be seen, whether this diet will soften the fierce disposition of the animals; but hitherto they have conducted themselves very well.

They are now about eight months old, and begin to eat rabbits' flesh. This is the most critical age in the lion's life, as he is teething, and many males die, not only in captivity, but in a state of freedom.

These whelps are not the first of their kind that have been born in the Dresden Garden. Nine have already first seen the light there. Most of them have lived, and been sold for five, and even eight hundred dollars. The unnatural mother, of whom we have just spoken, was herself born in the Garden. She has before been faithful and kind to her other children, watching them with the greatest care, and nursing them until they were nine months old. When they were very small, she kept them in the darkest corner of her dark inner den, and always carried them there, if they ventured to put their noses into

the front apartment to look at the spectators. A crowd was generally attracted by this family of lions, which formed a singular and fascinating group: the lioness lying surrounded by her little ones, gambolling like so many kittens, while the father lion regarded the pranks of his family with benignant dignity.

MARCH MADOC has a most ingenious muse at his elbow. Here is a sonnet which he sends. It is an acrostic (but by some accident a line too much is thrust in, in the middle), and the acrostic spells the name of a poet. There are two lines from this poet which may be read perpendicularly in the sonnet: by taking a particular word in the first line, another in the second, and so on, the quotation is made. Who of our readers will discover it?

Between the trees already *fireflies* gleam,
Yet the light lingers; *were* no mortal near,
Scarce were the sunlight *quenched*, ere trooping here,
Sylphs and quaint elves on this greensward would
teem,

Holding their revels by the moon's soft beam.
In circles on the dewy grass appear,
Elves' footprints, and the corn that skirts the mere
Shivers expectant, and the glow-worms seem
Holding their torches; they went out but now,
Ere that faint music out of silence stole,
Like mountain brooks, that on white pebbles flow.
Look! Winding slowly round the pine-topped
knoll,

E'en now, their train. The river's sound is low,
Yielding both waves and brim to fay's control.

MARCH MADOC.

ANAGRAMMATIC ENIGMA

I AM a State, and contain twelve letters.

My 2, 11, 5, 2, and 7, vinegar.

My 12, 4, 11, 5, and 2, a spice.

My 1, 11, 10, 2, 9, 1, 1, 7, and 2, a fruit.

My 2, 7, 6, 5, 11, 12, and 4, pleasant.

My 5, 1, 12, 3, 11, 2, and 7, a dog.

My 8, 9, 3, 11, 7, 7, and 9, a plant.

My 2, 1, 11, 7, 2, 1, 5, and 6, a disease.

My 9, 6, and 2, forever.

My 12, 3, 10, and 9, a girl's name.

My 2, 12, 5, 11, 10, 2, 5, and 5, quiet.

My 5, 2, 11, 4, and 2, a net.

My 11, 8, and 6, a plant.

My 8, 12, 7, 11, 5, and 2, a wallet.

My 9, 4, 12, 7, 6, 5, 11, and 5, a separation.

My 4, 11, 10, 2, 1, 11, 3, and 5, a game.

My 5, 1, 7, 2, 2, 4, and 6, peevish.

My 9, 10, 3, 2, 12, and 7, to temper.

My 5, 7, and 6, insidious.

My 8, 11, 7, 7, 12, 11, and 10, a servant.

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Mother Goose Melodies.

TOM, TOM OF ISLINGTON.

MUSIC BY C. R. MOULTON.

Tom, Tom of Is-ling-ton, mar-ried a wife on Sun-day, brought her home on Mon-day,

hired a horse on Tues-day, fed her well on Wednes-day, sick she was on Thurs-day,

Rall. - - - - - **1st tempo.**
died she did on Fri-day. Sad was Tom on Sat-ur day, to bu-ry his wife on Sun-day.

Rall. - - - - - **1st tempo.**



"The human figures which completed this landscape were in number two, partaking in their dress and appearance of that wild and rustic character which belonged to the woodlands of the West-Riding of Yorkshire at that early period. . . . On this singular gorget was engraved, in Saxon characters, an inscription of the following purport: 'Gurth, the son of Beow-

neph, is the born thrall of Cedric of Rotherwood.' . . . The other had thin silver bracelets upon his arms, and on his neck a collar of the same metal, bearing the inscription, 'Wamba, the son of Witless, is the thrall of Cedric of Rotherwood.'" - From *Ivanhoe*, by SIR WALTER SCOTT.

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